The Enterprise.

VOL. 7. SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1902. NO. 30.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.

5:56 A. M. Daily.
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
9 12 A. M. Daily.
1 3:48 P. M. Daily.
4:51 P. M. Daily.
6:54 P. M. Daily.

SOUTH.

6:45 A. M. Daily.
7:19 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
12:10 P. M. Daily.
4:06 P. M. Daily.
7:05 P. M. Daily.
12:20 A. M. Sundays Only (Theater).

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

Change of Time Which Went Into Effect February 5th, 1900.

Cars leave Holy Cross.....
.....6:49, 7:13, 7:37, 8:01, 8:16 A. M.
and every 15 minutes thereafter until.....
..3:31 P. M., 3.45, 4.01, 4:17, 4:33, 4:49, 5:06, 5:21
and every 15 minutes thereafter until.....
7.51 P. M., 8:09, 8:21, 8.39, 8:51, 9:09, 9:25, 9:49, 10:21, 10:53, 11:23.

All cars run direct through to new Ferry Depot.

First car leaves Baden Station 8:52 A. M., and every 15 minutes thereafter until 6:10 P. M.

Time cards can be obtained by applying to conductors or office at 30th St.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m., to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m., to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M
From the North	7:05	12 20
" South	—	4:15

MAIL CLOSES.

	A. M.	P. M.
North	8:50	12:30
"		4:30
South	6:30	—

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck.....Redwood City
TREASURER
P. P. Chamberlain.....Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR
F. M. Granger.....Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
J. J. Bullock.....Redwood City
ASSESSOR
C. D. Hayward.....Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER
M. H. Thompson.....Redwood City
SHERIFF
J. H. Mansfield.....Redwood City
AUDITOR
Geo. Barker.....Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tilton.....Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe.....Redwood City
SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert.....Redwood City

Station Office Looted.

San Rafael.—A burglar made an entrance to the office of the North Shore Railroad at West End station in San Rafael by prying his way through a rear window with a jimmy. The intruder forced the cash drawer of the place, but found it empty, and after putting the office in wild disorder made his escape without being seen. It is the custom of Miss Taylor, the station agent, to have a considerable sum of money in the cash drawer during the day, but the fact that it was removed each evening at closing time was evidently unknown to the miscreant.

Mother Sees Her Child Burn.

New York.—Crippled with rheumatism and unable to move from her bed, Mrs. William Wagner of Newark, N. J., saw her daughter, Edna, two and a half years old, burned to death within a few feet of her bed. While her nurse was absent the child procured matches and while playing with them set fire to her clothing and the curtains. Mrs. Wagner screamed loudly, but the child was fatally burned before assistance arrived.

Refinery for C. A. Spreckels.

New York.—A new sugar refinery with a capacity of 1000 barrels a day is to be located on the Hudson river, a short distance south of Yonkers. It will be owned by the Federal Refining Company, of which C. A. Spreckels, son of Claus Spreckels, the "Sugar King," is the president.

Fire in Philadelphia.

Philadelphia. — The cold stor e house of the Willow-street Storage Company, filled with all kinds of merchandise, was destroyed by fire, causing a loss of $200,000.

NEWS OF THE WORLD EPITOMIZED

Important Happenings of the Week Briefly Told.

TELEGRAMS FROM ALL SECTIONS.

Short, Pithy Paragraphs That Give the Cream of the Week's Events in a Form Appreciated by Busy Readers

An anarchistic plot to kill Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria has been discovered and frustrated.

The appointment is announced of Lionel E. G. Carden to be British Minister at Havana. Mr. Carden has been Consul-General of Great Britain in Cuba since 1898.

Nine English tourists, including four women and four boatmen, were drowned by the upsetting of a boat on the Lake of Killarney, County Kerry, Ireland, during a squall.

A destructive hurricane has swept over the province of Scionde, British India. Forty miles of railroad was washed away, and bridges, houses and embankments disappeared. Fifty miles of telegraph wires also were destroyed. Many lives were lost.

Crazed by his infatuation for Abitha McCulloch, a thirteen-year-old girl, William Austin, aged 25, killed the girl and four other persons, and then committed suicide, in the farmhouse of William Wilkinson, near Hastings, eighteen miles from St. Augustine, Fla.

Lord Milner, the British High Commissioner in South Africa, has referred some doubtful points concerning the peace negotiations in South Africa to the Home Government and the belief is general that a favorable outcome to the negotiations will be announced in a few days.

The will of Archbishop Corirgan of New York bequeathes all his estate to Bishop Charles E. McDonnell of Brooklyn, Bishop Winand M. Wigger of Newark, N. J., and Bishop Henry Gabriels of Ogdensburg, N. Y., "to have and to hold as joint tenants, and not as tenants in common."

It is announced on good authority that the programme of Japanese naval extension for six years, beginning in 1904, will comprise the building of four 15,000 ton battle-ships, two 10,000-ton armored cruisers, four 5000-ton cruisers, fifteen torpedo-boat destroyers and fifty torpedo boats.

A waterspout that struck near Preston, Minn., flooded the country for miles around and caused the death by drowning of four children, members of the family of Michael Wilbright, near Forestville, and the death by lightning of Alderman Gonkey of Preston. The property loss is heavy.

The young wife of J. B. Haggin, the millionaire horseman of New York and Kentucky, has donated to Ashland Seminary at Versailles, Ky., a building that will cost her $200,000 or more. Ashland Seminary is a female boarding school conducted by the Episcopal diocese of Eastern Kentucky.

The Sultan of Turkey has issued an irade recognizing the rights of Italy and Germany to protect their Catholic subjects in the East. This action by the Sultan is a blow to France's claim to the exclusive rights to protect Catholics in the East, and ends the prolonged controversy over this matter between the powers concerned.

After a careful study of financial complications that arise from a London club's bill of fare, Dr. Harrison of St. Louis has come to the conclusion that the American trusts will own England, says the London correspondent of the Tribune. He says it takes an Englishman all the time he can spare working out petty little financial problems set him in most unexpected places.

American and English officers who have been searching the ruins of St. Pierre for the bodies of the United States and British Consuls and their families, have found the remains of Prentis, the American representative, and the members of the family, as well as those of the British Consul and family. They will be brought to Fort de France, where Prentis will be buried with military honors.

Justice James J. O'Gorman of the Supreme Court bench of New York has been elected grand sachem of Tammany Hall, the deliberations lasting less than half an hour. Former Mayor Robert A. Van Wyck was also a candidate for the position. On the first ballot Justice O'Gorman received eight votes of the twelve, the other four going to ex-Mayor Van Wyck. Afterward the election of Justice O'Gorman was made unanimous.

The United States Supreme Court affirmed the decision of the Supreme Court of Arizona in the case of the United States vs. the Copper Queen Mining Company. The claim grew out of the use of timber said to have been cut on the public domain by the mining company, the timber being valued at $183,000. The mining company contended that the taking of the timber was authorized by law, and the effect of the decision is to uphold that contention.

Captain Bertram S. Neumann of the Marine Corps has been dismissed from the naval service as a result of his trial by court-martial at Pensacola, Fla. Captain Neumann was tried on four charges: Scandalous conduct tending to the destruction of good morals, disobeying the lawful order of his superior officer, falsehood and conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline. Captain Neumann's trial grew out of irregularities in his accounts as post treasurer at Pensacola barracks. Secretary Moody approved the sentence of the court and ignored a recommendation for clemency. The President confirmed the Secretary's action.

Alkali Investigation.

Washington. — The conferees in charge of the agricultural appropriation bill agreed to allow $65,000 for investigations of the effect of alkali on soils, particularly around Fresno. Sceretary Wilson asked for $75,000 and the Senate allowed it after a hard fight by Senator Perkins, but Representative Wadsworth of New York, on the conference committee, stood out against the amount, and finally a compromise was reached at the lower figure.

A Million Roubles Stolen.

London.—A dispatch from Vienna to a news agency says it is reported from Cracow, Galicia, that 1,000,000 roubles have been stolen from the headquarters of the general staff there. Two Generals and several staff officers have been arrested in connection with the robbery.

Preparations are being made by the department of anthropology of the University of California to send out an expedition in a month to explore the remarkable limestone caverns on the McCloud river, in Shasta county. The party will include Dr. John C. Merriam, assistant professor of paleontology and historical geology, Eustace L. Furlong and at least one more man not yet selected. The special object of the trip is to unearth, if possible, all the relics and fossils in that region that may throw light on the presence of prehistoric man. It is in such caves as these that the primeval inhabitants of the forest sought shelter and protection, and it is there that the scientists hope to find evidences of quaternary life that may be valuable in solving questions still unsettled by the anthropologists. The expedition will probably remain in the north on these grounds until the opening of the University next fall.

Because he had not been retained by the board of trustees of Bishop Scott Academy for the ensuing term, Professor Eugene L. Schafer of Portland, Or., shot himself through the head, the muzzle of the gun having been placed in his mouth. He was found dead in his customary chair at the tutor's desk in the general classroom by the cadets as they marched in to receive the assignments for the day's work. Some of the boys noticed that he did not move, and fearing that he was ill, called the principal. When he arrived it was found that the professor was dead. Professor Schafer's services had been dispensed with solely to reduce expenses. He has been a teacher in the academy for many years.

Mrs. T. Kopperl of Galveston, Tex., who was injured in a runaway accident at Redlands two weeks ago, died at the Loma Linda Sanitarium, near San Bernardino, from lockjaw, resulting from the amputation of her right leg. Mrs. Kopperl was one of the fourteen delegates to the biennial held at Los Angeles, who were making a trip about Redlands in a four-horse tally-ho. While descending from England's Heights the brake broke, frightening the horses, which ran away, upsetting and demolishing the tally-ho and injuring all the occupants. Mrs. Kopperl had her right leg crushed so badly that its amputation was necessary.

COAST NEWS GIVEN IN SHORT ITEMS

Occurrences of Interest from All Quarters of the Pacific Coast.

HAPS AND MISHAPS OF THE WEEK

Current Events Related in Newsy Dispatches From Many Correspondents in Various Parts of the West.

Charles Ward, a well-known tailor of Bakersfield, while lying in bed with his head within a foot of his sleeping room mate, sent a bullet crashing through his brain and expired almost immediately.

The woolen mill strike at Oregon City, Or., has been settled. The strikers get an increase of $13,000 on the yearly pay roll. Both sides made concessions from their original demands. The result is considered a partial victory for the strikers.

The United States Supreme Court of Appeals for the Ninth circuit in the case of Frederick Williams vs. George C. Gaylord, involving the validity of the statute of the State of California prohibiting the directors of corporations from mortgaging the property of such corporations without the consent of the stockholders. The decision sustains the law.

J. A. Bradley, a young attorney, was foully murdered, supposedly by Mexicans, at a small stage station thirty miles from Tucson, A. T. He had been visiting friends at the mines and was waiting at the station for a stage to Tucson. The body shows a deep cut on the head. All the money and jewelry had been taken from the body.

S. I. Field, a pioneer resident of McPherson, near Santa Ana, died at his home there Sunday, aged 71 years. Mr. Field was a native of New York, but early moved West and was prominently identified with the pioneer life of the plains, taking the first mail route through to Denver. He is survived by a widow, daughter and six sons.

P. W. Byrne was struck in the breast at Fort Bragg and almost instantly killed. The accident occurred at camp 9, on Noyo river, and was the result of the breaking of an iron dog which was used to hold a heavy log in place. The piece of iron was torn from its fastenings and hurled a great distance. It struck Bryne in the breast with sufficient force to cause fatal injuries.

The mines of the Carbon Hill Coal Company, at Carbonado, near Tacoma, Wash., have been shut down by the Southern Pacific Company, which owns them, and will not be operated again until a new battery of seventy-five coke ovens is completed. Hereafter the output of the mines will probably be exclusively coke. The cause for the change of output is found in the change by the Southern Pacific Company from coal to oil burning engines. Heretofore the road has taken the entire output of the mines.

Ben Shauber, the eighteen-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Shauber of Nestor, near San Diego, was killed near that place in a bicycle accident. He was wheeling at a high rate of speed so as to be able to get to his work at a fruit-packing house in good time, when the front forks of the wheel broke, throwing him suddenly over the handles. He fell on his chin and face, fracturing the base of the skull, and died instantly. An examination of the bicycle showed that the forks had been cracked for some time.

Near Buckeye, A. T., Blas Guillan shot and killed Thomas Corona because Corona would not pay what Guillan claimed was due on the purchase price of his wife. Two years ago, in Sonora, Guillan needed money, and in his stress sold his wife, who had borne him several children. Corona was to pay $25 cash and $25 for each year Mrs. Guillan remained with him. Corona failed to make the annual payments and the woman refused Guillan's importunities that she return to him. Guillan went to the home of his successful rival and shot him while asleep.

Luther Black sustained fatal injuries at the big lumber mill at Ukiah Saturday afternoon. The unfortunate man had been in the employ of the local mill only a few hours when he met with the accident. He attempted to pass under the huge driving belt that runs from the engine to the main shaft. In passing he apparently raised his body too quickly and was struck on the head by the heavy belt. The force of the blow was sufficient to throw Black several feet, and his head struck the sharp corner of a heavy timber. His skull was fractured and his scalp severely lacerated.

JEFF AND FITZ ARE MATCHED

San Francisco Athletic Club Will Promote the Big Fight.

San Francisco.—James J. Jeffries will defend his title to the heavyweight boxing championship of the world in this city early in July.

The champion met Fitzsimmons Wednesday afternoon in the Central Theater and the boxers acting in harmony the details of the big fight were quickly arranged. It will be handled by the San Francisco Athletic Club, of which Alex Greggains is president.

Jeffries withdrew his objection to soft surgical bandages. Eddie Graney was chosen referee. The fighters will receive 70 per cent of the gross receipts. Of this the winner will receive 60 per cent and the loser 40 per cent.

When the boxers commenced to discuss the bids it was found the San Francisco Club was in line to receive the permit for July. The men want to fight in this month, hence their acceptance of the club's offer.

The opening of the bids was a ceremonious proceeding. In the center of the room was a table, on one side of which sat "Fitz," supported by Clark Ball and Tom Wilson. Jeffries sat opposite with Billy Delaney on his left and Kid Eagan on his right. Grouped about the room were many well known sporting men. On one side sat Harry Corbett, Colonel Brady, Jack Welch and Alex Greggains, while opposite them were Phil Wand, Eugene Van Court, Eddie Graney and lesser lights.

Before the bids were opened "Fitz" broached the subject of soft bandages. Jeffries quickly withdrew his opposition and the matter was settled before those in attendance realized it. Some extended discussion was expected on this point.

The first bid opened was from the Century Athletic Club, which offered 75 per cent of the gross receipts, any money received from pictures to go to the fighters.

The Arcade Athletic Club of Oakland offered 80 per cent; Bay City Athletic Club, 80 per cent; Century Athletic Club, Los Angeles, 80 per cent; Empire Athletic Club, 75 per cent; Yosemite Athletic Club, 66 2-3 per cent; Berkeley Athletic Club, 90 per cent; San Francisco Athletic Club, 70 per cent. The latter bid was in the form of a concise statement of the boxing situation in this city. It also recited the fact that the bid was the largest any club could afford to offer if it hoped to handle the fight properly.

Some of the club representatives then explained their bids. "Fitz" proposed that he and Jeffries retire and have a talk over the bids. The fighters with their representatives and the newspaper men then retired to an adjoining room.

After a brief discussion "Fitz" said: "I'll tell you what I'll do, 'Jeff;' I'll leave the naming of the club to you. I know you're on the ball and I have no preference."

Jeffries said: "I'll make it the San Francisco Athletic Club. That club has the sanction for July and is responsible."

Some discussion ensued as to forfeit money. Jeffries produced a wad of bills of startling proportions, which he wanted to post at once. As "Fitz" has $2500 up in New York, it was decided to put up all the forfeits at a later meeting. Sam Thall will be the final stakeholder.

The question of referee was quickly settled. Harry Corbett's name was first suggested, but he positively refused to act. Delaney suggested Jack Welch and "Fitz" came back with the names of L. R. Fulda and Eddie Graney.

"Graney suits us," said Delaney, and he was chosen.

"Fitz" and Jeffries shook hands over the selection of the referee.

When the party was about to separate "Fitz" addressed Delaney, saying he had no feeling over what had passed between them in recent months and asked Delaney to shake hands, which they did.

Canadian Trade Increasing.

Vancouver, B. C.—Trade figures for Canada issued by the customs department show a remarkable growth in the trade of the Dominion. The total aggregate domestic trade of the country was increased during the past ten months by $30,015,000. The total domestic exports and imports were $315,568,563, compared with $290,646,494 for the tent months of last year. The duty increased over $2,000,000.

Croker Will See Coronation.

New York.—William R. Glenn of London, who arrived on the Teutonic, said that Richard Croker had paid $800 for a seat for the coronation parade. "The seat is on a private stand," Glenn said, "a short distance from the entrance to Westminster Abbey. The price is the second highest yet paid for a coronation seat, the largest known being $1500, which was paid by Allsop, the brewer."

Hanged Himself in a Barn.

Pasadena.—Arthur Clyde Jones, a gardner 29 years of age, committed suicide by hanging himself to a beam in a barn at his home. It is thought that despondency on account of ill health and domestic troubles led him to take his life.

Earthquake at Vacaville.

Vacaville. — Considerable damage was caused in this vicinity Monday morning by an earthquake shock that was the most severe since 1891. Walls were cracked in many buildings and shelving thrown to the floor.

Topeka, Kas.—Mrs. Carrie Nation has been sentenced by Judge Hazen in the District Court to thirty days in prison and to pay a fine of $100 for smashing bar fixtures stored in a vacant barn in this city in February, 1901. She will not appeal the case and has gone to jail.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,

South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that SELLS

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;
Boots and Shoes;
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;
Crockery and Agate Ware;
Hats and Caps,

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed.

Wood and Coal.

Lumber Yard

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Grand and San Bruno Aves.,

South San Francisco, Cal.

Cyrus Noble

The World famous American whiskey.

A perfect distillation of the best grain.

Aged in wood.

Of a soft mellow flavor.

Absolutely pure.

THE ENTERPRISE

B. B. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

There is only one letter "s" between speculation and peculation.

Cecil Rhodes did pretty well with his $80,000,000, but wait till Russell Sage's will is read.

Occasionally a woman uses a hammer to drive a tack—if there is no hairbrush handy.

Cecil Rhodes and Napoleon ought to get in a corner by themselves and have a nice long talk.

J. Pierpont Morgan's favorite eight-inch cigar would seem to be a merger of several smaller cigars.

Some pretty women are unconscious of their beauty, but the majority are not even momentarily forgetful.

Even if the Philippines do not greatly strengthen American trade they will add spice to it. Also tobacco and hemp.

There is said to be a large tract of rich farming land in Alaska. Doubtless many people will go there to raise winter apples.

A Kansas paper advises preachers to build side doors to their churches. It says, "Some men would enter from force of habit."

The wife of a New York professional beggar had her diamonds stolen and has ruined her husband's business by making a fuss.

It is needless to say that Col. Jack Chinn of Kentucky refuses to recognize Mr. Joe Chinn who shot at a friend and hit a colt.

Museum managers complain of the lack of freaks. Physical freaks may be scarce, but there seems to be no lack of the intellectual variety.

The minister who asks, "How are the dead raised up?" might secure the desired information by applying to some enterprising medical college.

It is said that laws to punish those who attempt suicide are never enforced. Probably it is considered that the culprits are wretched enough without further punishment.

A German author has published a dictionary of cuss words. He has found 25,000 of them. If they are all German it will be pretty hard to keep that language from spreading.

An error of $2,000,000 in the accounts of an Indiana railroad company was quickly discovered. Such a trifle might have been completely overlooked had the company's business been in the hands of certains captains of industry who are accustomed to looking after big figures only.

According to Rev. Thomas Dixon the American people have the courage of the Celt, the nobility of the Norman, the vigor of the viking, the energy of the Angle, the tenacity of the Saxon, the daring of the Dane, the gallantry of the Gaul, the freedom of the Frank, the earth-hunger of the Roman and the stoicism of the Spartan, but what does all this amount to when we are assured by a correspondent of William Waldorf Astor's paper that America is "unbearable for gentlemen?"

The civil service commission seems determined to overdo the "examination" business, and in this spirit has ordered annual examinations of its own employes, whether they are up for promotion or not, with the expectation, so it is said, of securing the adoption of such a policy throughout the classified service. The truth of the matter is that the "examination" business is the least valuable of all the features of reform in the civil service. Judged by its standard, business veterans would fail before high school boys and girls young enough to be their grandchildren. The only real occasion for an examination is upon entering the service. Such entry from private life should be confined to the lower branches alone, all other places to be filled by promotion on efficient service.

This is an age of wonders as well as of expansion, and for this reason we are the less surprised when we read in a New York paper that six young men of Rhode Island "went deliberately to a luncheon given by six society buds" and "ate all their young hostesses cooked." Now, if we were called upon to eat a young society bud, however tender and toothsome, we should undoubtedly prefer her cooked; but with all our strenuous notions and our new ideas gained from our Asiatic possessions, we do not think the precedent a good or safe one. A girl may be pretty enough to eat, but it does not follow that she should be eaten, either cooked or raw. For that matter, we always thought Rhode Island was famous more for its turkeys than for its women, and we hope that the next time this temptation presents Providence will appear in the nick of time, as in the memorable case of Abraham and Isaac, and designate a turkey caught fast in the thicket.

Once upon a time a man and a woman met. He looked like the fairy prince whom girls see in their dreams. Nature had been good to him. He also had money and position. He knew his grandfathers back to great-great-great, and in all the land there was not a man who appeared better in society. The mothers of a hundred daughters angled for him. Then came a girl. She had beauty that made you think of the sun. Health was in her veins and ambition in her breast. She had money and position and everything that most girls crave and many have not. She not only read novels, but occasionally wrote one. The world called her brilliant, and persons who didn't know anything about it, said the man and the woman were made for each other. So they were married, and the wedding was worth a page in the morning papers. There were bushels of cut flowers and loads of wedding presents, and a mob of people not in society were kept back by the police. After it was all over the bride and the groom went to a palace where persons were hired to do everything but think for them. And a great pain entered the woman's heart, and the man was bored. There is a little winged god that belongs to every happy home, but he wasn't to be found in the palace—not in the garret—not in the parlor, where the carpet was as thick as moss in the woods—not in the dining-room, where silver and cut glass were strewn—nowhere in that home of riches. You see, in that wedding they left out the one thing that makes a marriage real—Love. And there you have the story of Nua Larre Duryea and Chester B. Duryea, which has reached the New York divorce court. He called her a "slob" and an "idiot." She says he told her she had the face of a criminal and was the kind of woman who would elope with the butler. They left out love, and a home can not be made without it. Pile up wealth and decorate a palace, but without sympathy, sincere affection and mutual understanding the men and women who wed are inviting disaster.

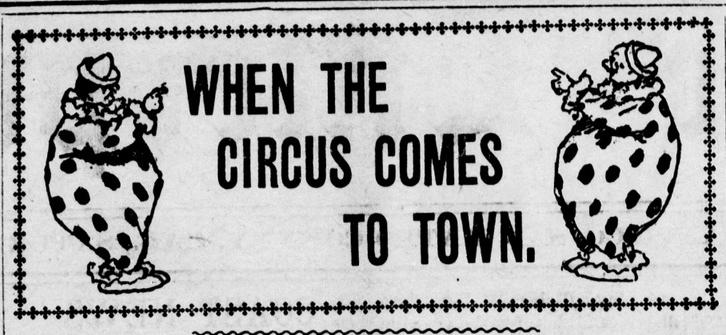
For the vast majority of self-respecting men throughout the modern civilized world the ability to perform some useful work is among the most important of the things which make life worth living. However highly men may value their leisure, however much they may prize their pleasures and comforts, they are, after all, incidental. Even among men of wealth the number of those who abandon all useful occupation and give themselves over to idleness is small. All men shrink with dread from the idea that it may ever be said of them that they have outlived their usefulness. Man, in short, is dependent upon his toil in more ways than one. It may not be true that work is his "reason for being," but it is a very large and important part of his being. It is his lasting solace and resource—the one thing which remains to him after nearly everything else in life has been taken away. In taking up the question of an "age limit" and opposing the practice which tends to disqualify men over 45 years of age as too old for useful labor, the Chicago Federation of Labor is fighting against a cruel and senseless discrimination. At 45 men still have twenty-five years to live before their allotted span is run. The majority of them have from fifteen to twenty years of very useful activity before them. Frequently men attain their fullest and best powers at 50, when any loss of mere manual dexterity is more than compensated for by experience and ripened judgment. Indeed, it may be set down as a general truth that among men who have lived sober and careful lives the years immediately following 45 are among the best. It is a trite declaration that the present age is the young man's age, but the men who are young to-day will themselves be 45 to-morrow. Neither they nor their elders can afford to embrace the false hypothesis that the labor market with propriety can be regulated by an arbitrary adjustment of age limits. The labor supply is regulated by the number of sound and capable men who can work, be their age 25 or 60. It would be an absurd economic doctrine, under present conditions, which held that the activities of the world were to be carried on by men between certain ages, and that all others must consent to be shelved as unfit for further service.

The Blushing Tree.

Among the many wonders of the vast Florida swamps there is nothing more surprising than the blushing tree. It actually blushes when the rain falls upon it. The mysterious and beautiful glow of color which it assumes in a rainstorm baffles description. As the rain drenches a tree, gradually, yet unmistakably, the green hue gives way to pink. In a few minutes the green fades from sight. Only in a few half-hidden spots, beneath broad branches and on its trunk, is there a tinge of green to be seen. The tree is as pink as the cheeks of a healthy girl. After an hour or more, when the shower is over, the tree assumes its familiar green once more. As it is changing back, the spectator suddenly realizes the secret of the phenomenon. Certain tiny insects, and not the tree itself, change color. These peculiar parasites are possessed of the power of chameleons. In the bright warm sunshine they are greener than the tree on which they live, but when the chilly rain falls upon them they contract their tiny backs and become a pretty pink tint. Millions of these change the color of the tree and make it appear to be blushing.

Many Varieties of Rice.

More than twenty varieties of rice are known in the Philippines; but, though this cereal is so important to the natives, not enough of it is produced to supply their needs, and large quantities have to be imported annually.



FOR three months the huge posters in red and blue ink have flamed forth. There is the "Blood Sweating Behemoth of Holy Writ," with an open mouth six feet square; there is "Mme. Lisette, Gorgeous Queen of the Hoops of Fire," clad in pink tights, leaping through billows of flame; there is the "Unsurpassed, Unparalleled, and Unequaled Union of Unique and Mighty Monsters" leering out through bars of iron; there are a hundred other marvels, any one of which is enough to throw the small boys into spasms of excitement.

When the first bill goes up they all begin to make plans for going to the circus. In divers ways they begin to get together the money needed for a ticket. They save rags and old iron; they cut lawns; they pick strawberries; they chop kindling and carry in wood. Every penny is saved. To the children the coming of a circus is the greatest possible incentive to industry and economy. This is a virtue which, strangely enough, the modest circus manager has been slow to claim. And then finally comes the parade—which is really better than the circus itself. The "show-lot" is always on the flats at the other end of Main street. You get up at 5 o'clock in the morning and hurry down to see the circus "get in" and unload.

Perhaps if the fates are kind you get a Heaven-sent chance to carry buckets of water until your back aches for a ticket of admission to the show. That makes you an object of envy to all your fellows. You stay and watch the canvasmen drive their pegs, rig their poles, and build a canvas city while the ordinary man would be marking off the site. You see the animals fed and your eyes stick out like hard boiled eggs when a beautiful young woman with red cheeks and a short white lace dress is let into the cage with the lions.

Finally the crisis comes. From the far off end of Main street a wild strain of unearthly music sweeps up the packed street. It is the steam calliope in action—an instrument which sounds like a score of tug whistles blowing at once. At the sound all the horses in hearing rear and plunge and their owners rush frantically out to wrestle with them. Meanwhile the town marshal is running down to the street to have the calliope turned off before the town is torn to pieces.

Far ahead of the rest of the procession ride two men in a shiny victoria, drawn by two white and two jet black horses, wearing silver mounted harness with yellow reins. One of the men is a quiet looking person in a modest suit of black clothes and a black slouch hat. He owns the show, but he cuts no figure in the eyes of the populace in comparison with the gorgeous and glittering individual who rides with him. This latter wears a red waistcoat with blue polka dots, white spats, shining patent leathers, and almost white frock coat and a tall silk hat, on which the sun plays in splendor. His ample paunch is crossed by an enormous gold chain, which meanders also once or twice around his neck. In his big red necktie shines a diamond greater and more brilliant than the Kohinoor.

Twice in each block as he proceeds in his triumphal progress up Main street, this glittering personage rises to his feet and lifts his silk hat, revealing a bald head as shining as his hat. He opens his mouth and out of it comes a voice like the blast of a trumpet.

"Come one! Come all!" he bellows. "On behalf of the management I am authorized to announce that immediately before the performance under the large canvas Mme. Lissette will perform the unparalleled and stupendous feat of dancing the skirt dance while suspended in midair on a slack rope stretched between the top of the wagon factory and the roof of the vinegar works. Entirely free, gratuitous, and complimentary. Without money and without price the gifted little lady will disport in midspace. Come one! Come all!"

Then he would make a bow and sit down, while the small boys gasped with awful admiration and envy.

Then you start on the dead run up Main street to get the seat in the second story window over Brown's grocery which has been reserved for you. Already Main street is packed with people. One row is sitting down on the curb, with their feet in the gutter. Behind them stand other rows reaching back to the front of the stores and then climbing to points of vantage on the tops of dry goods boxes. All the windows are full, anxious mothers clutching with nervous hands the waistbands of small children, who do their best to fall out into the crowds below whenever a stray strain of music comes floating up from the direction of the circus lot.

If you have earned a ticket or have an extra quarter in your pants' pockets you buy a big bag of peanuts, the shells of which you throw down from your high perch on to the heads of the people on the sidewalk. When the shells strike you turn your eyes away and look as unconscious as possible.

Now the town marshal emerges from the crowd on the other side of the street, dragging by the collar a young man who is denounced as "one of them city thugs." He starts down the center of the street with his prisoner, followed by a street full of excited men and boys, to whom an arrest is as exciting as a declaration of war. It is the marshal's day to shine. He gets to within a block of the lockup, under the engine-house, when a farmer's team, frightened half to death by the unusual noise and by the swift approach of the crowd, breaks away from the hitching post at the curb, stand up on their hind legs, and start to paw holes in the atmosphere. Without stopping to think the marshal drops his hold on his prisoner and grabs the horses. The pickpocket slips away to safety, but the horses are stopped from running away.

A dozen times there are false alarms that the parade has started. Each time the crowd along Main street surges into the street, and up the street come the huge gilded cages full of cooking utensils and baggage, with tightly closed sides and big signs warning the crowds to "Beware, Dangerous." Up comes the den of lions, with the lady in pink tights sitting on a cracker box in the midst of them. Up comes the clown, riding on a little donkey that stops every fifty feet and kicks up solemnly, while the crowds roar with laughter. Up comes everything belonging to the circus that can walk or be moved on wheels. Then the last wagon swings round the corner and the crowd flows into the street behind it.

THE PARADE PASSES UP MAIN STREET.

A Musical Staircase.

A staircase has just been invented which plays tunes as it is walked up and down upon. A series of pins are pressed by the feet and play gongs and drums, while others are connected with collapsible chambers which blow trumpets and other similar instruments.

Where She Was Trained.

"She is a great talker."

"Yes; her father has always had a theater box, you know."—Detroit Free Press.

Velocity of the Wind.

At the height of one mile the average velocity of the wind is four times as great as at the earth's surface.

Because a man's wife is jealous of him, it doesn't follow that he is a favorite with the women.

Children's Corner

Throwing the Lariat.

A good rawhide lariat costs from $8 to $25, and is therefore rather too expensive for the average boy, but even if it were within his reach it would be of little use to him, for the regulation lasso is from forty to fifty feet long, and far too heavy for a beginner to handle. There is perhaps no possession of the cowboys more subject to variation than his lasso; what is exactly suited to one seems altogether unfitted for another, and without his own particular style of rope a man loses half his efficiency. I shall, therefore, in this article, suggest several styles of rope and each boy must select the one which seems best adapted to him.

Ordinary clothesline does not make a good lasso. It is rough and raw and frays too easily. If, however, clothesline is experimented with, use the slip nosoe shown in figure 1, or better, splice the rope back as shown in figure 3. Linen tape may be braided into a splendid rope, and even cotton tape is an improvement on clothesline. Good, smooth cord will make a very fair lasso. Figure 5 shows a five-strand braid, which is very strong and pliable. Take alternately each outside strand and cross it over the two following strands. The four-strand cording shown in figure 6, to my mind, gives a better shaped rope than the one just described. The diagram itself is the best description I can give of four-strand cording. Arrange them as shown, each strand under the one next to it, and then pull them tight. About twenty-five feet is the best length for a beginner. To make the loop in a braided rope fasten the end back by means of the endless tie shown in figure 2. When the winding is completed put the end (B) through the loop (C) and pull the end (A) until the loop and end have entirely disappeared beneath the coil. Then cut off the end (A) and the endless tie is complete. In order to have the rope run smoothly cover the loop with canvas or some other strong cloth as shown by figure 4.

HOW TO MAKE A LARIAT.

Real rawhide ropes are buried underground for some two weeks and afterward greased with mutton tallow to make them pliable. Two weeks underground will not improve a linen or hemp rope, but the greasing I would strongly advise; only be careful where you hang up your lasso when not using it, for grease has a very penetrating quality.

The art of throwing a lariat cannot be reduced to rule. No two men do it alike. If you ask a cowboy to teach you he will say that every man must learn to do it for himself, by practice. He will be quite willing to show you how he throws the rope, but his style will be quite different from the very next cowboy you meet, and is certain to be entirely different from the method you finally adopt. The illustration shows the characteristic position assumed at the moment of delivery; but it can only suggest; practice is the only master who can teach lasso throwing.—Chicago Record.

Furnish a House on Paper.

One of the most absorbing amusements possible to find for children is the making of scrap books. The rainiest of days may be made enjoyable by a few large sheets of strong wrapping paper, cut in the size desired for the book and folded into two leaves, with a collection of old magazines and papers full of pictures.

A novel kind of scrap book recently made represents a doll house, each page being a room. Advertisements furnished the pictures, each article illustrated being carefully cut out in outline and pasted in an orderly manner on the page to which it belonged.

The kitchen has a range, table, chairs, broom, cooking utensils, irons and ironing board. In the drawing room are sumptuous couches, chairs and cabinets, with a perfect love of a fireplace, and vases on the mantel.

Windows, doors and fireplaces for all the rooms were found in the advertising pages of magazines, and add greatly to the charm of the surroundings.—New York Tribune.

They Watch the Milkman.

The Germans are careful about the purity of the milk which they drink, and have a novel device for assuring themselves that the milkman will not water or adulterate it. In Berlin every milk wagon is divided into compartments, which are connected with rows of faucets on the outside. At the creamery the milk is sterilized by being passed through special apparatus, and then sorted into grades—sweet milk, skim milk, cream, milk for babies, and so forth—and the compartments are filled. Then the wagon is locked and the milkman drives over his route and delivers from the faucets under the watchful eyes of the Berlin matrons.

Mrs. Red Squirrel.

Mrs. Red Squirrel sat in the top of a tree.
"I believe in the habit of saving," said she;
"If it were not for that, in the cold winter weather
I should starve, and my young ones, I know, altogether;
But I'm teaching my children to run and lay up
Every acorn as soon as it drops from its cup,
And to get out the corn from the shocks in the field—
There's a nice hollow tree where I keep it concealed.
We have laid up some wheat and some barley and rye,
And some very nice pumpkin seeds I have put by;
Best of all we have gathered in all that we could
Of beechnuts and butternuts grown in the wood;
For cold days and hard times winter surely will bring,
And a habit of saving 's an excellent thing.
But my children—(you know how young squirrels like to play),
'We have plenty, great plenty, already,' they'll say,
'We are tired of bringing in food for our store;
Let us all have a frolic and gather no more!'
But I tell them it's pleasant when winter is rough,
If we feel both to use and to give we've enough;
And they'll find ere the butternuts bloom in the spring
That a habit of saving 's an excellent thing."
—Young Folks.

Lightning and Feathers.

There is a woman in the Adirondacks who no longer believes that a feather bed is a protection against lightning. Time was when she used to crawl under the bed in a storm or put a pillow on her head. Now, says the New York Tribune, she simply sits and moans until the lightning stops.

A New York woman who spent the summer in the North Woods was one of a party who took refuge in her humble home. They rushed in out of a blinding storm without waiting to knock. She was rocking back and forth in a chair and moaning as hard as she knew how. She had her apron over her head and a tight grip on the arms of the chair. After a particularly brilliant flash one of the strangers uttered a shriek, and covered her face with her handkerchief.

The mountain woman was all sympathy. "Do you want a feather piller?" she asked.

"The lightning is awful," replied the other, "but I'm hardly frightened enough for that."

"It's just as well," said the woman of the house, again covering her head with the apron. "I used to have faith in them things, but something happened last week which drove it all away."

"And what was that?" asked one of the party.

"Two of my ducks got hit by a streak o' lightnin' and stripped as clean o' feathers as pop's head, an' pop ain't had a sign o' hair for nigh on to fifteen years."

Handed Over the Office.

Not many people stop to think that one in every 100 American voters is a fourth class postmaster. Yet such is the case, and, as was suggested by an official of the postoffice the other day, there are some odd specimens of humanity among the lot. "Up in Vermont, said he, "I knew of an old fellow who kept a store across the road from the postoffice. There were two rival stores at the cross roads and they fought each other pretty hard. The postoffice was changed when Mr. Cleveland was elected and went from its old Republican stopping place to the establishment across the way. One morning early in November the news came over the mountains that Mr. Harrison had been elected. Without a moment's waiting the Republican storekeeper ran across the road and burst into the store kept by the Democrat. 'I get the postoffice back!' he exclaimed. "Harrison's been elected! Harrison's been elected!' And the Democrat handed over the marking stamps and other supplies without a word. The new postmaster was appointed officially some months later, but the actual transfer occurred the day after the election and I don't believe any one ever noticed it."

Not Worried by the Leak.

Strange replies are often received by wives who wake their husbands for burglars, leaky water pipes, etc., in the early morning. Mrs. C., wife of a certain government official in Baltimore, is decidedly nervous and has frequently "heard things." One morning last week she thought she smelled gas. Bravery came to her mysteriously and she crept down stairs to investigate. After smelling about for some minutes she rushed upstairs, called Mr. C., then shook him, and at last aroused him. Then this was heard:

"John, there's a leak in the gas pipe in the kitchen. We'll all die if it is not fixed."

Leaks had been heard of before, and Mr. C. sleepily asked:

"Is it a-leaking much now?"

"Not much!" screamed his wife, and then as Mr. C. turned over, this soothing advice was given:

"Put a bucket under it and come to bed."

When the boarders begin to draw the color line at hash the same old combination comes up in the guise of croquettes.

IT WAS A LOAD OF HAY

ITS PASSAGE THROUGH CITY RECALLED OLD TIMES.

Sweet Reflections Came to the Wearied Man Who Had Once Been a Bare-Footed Country Boy, Living Near to Nature's Heart.

It was only a load of loose hay that passed through the city street, but it filled the atmosphere with sweet perfume and flooded the memory with delight. The day was raw and damp. Piles of dirty snow lined the sidewalks here and there and mud-stained ice covered the streets to a varying depth. The air was heavy with carbonic gas, the sky was overcast, the chill of March penetrated the system, the trees were black and cold as though life had forsaken them, the chirp even of the sparrow seemed stilled.

Along passed the load of hay and all was transformed. Vanished were the dreary surroundings of man's prison-like city; forgotten the disturbing consciousness of the steady grind of brain or muscle, or both, extending down the years from the hopeful days of youth through the discouragements of manhood toward the only rest of life—the grave! The petty cares of life, too insignificant to crush, but so pressing and so constant that they corrode the mind, deaden sentiment, crush out joyousness, kill the spirit of true happiness, create distrust and disgust and raise doubts as to the whole Christian scheme of man's destiny, ceased. The scent of the hay was in the air; it penetrated the lungs like a revivifying breath to the dying and like an angelic messenger summoned memory to the green fields of summer, vocal with the songs of birds and the music of the insect world.

Above, the sun was shining bright and warm and the blue sky in its calm repose and inviting mystery called from its depths to the spiritual heart. Around, all nature was jubilant. The green-vested trees threw their grateful shade across the grassy mead; the river glided on its course to the sea—the symbol of the soul's search for its Uncreated End; the distant farmhouse looked bright and peaceful; cattle browsed in the pasture and men were at work in the meadows curing the new-mown hay and keeping time to the tuneful harmonies of nature in song and whistle.

Nature's heart was near. And again came up the thoughts that so many of us, country-reared, indulged in in childhood—the longings, the desires, the anticipations, the hopes and delights and joys and pleasures that filled our minds! And faces, too, came up—dear, vanished faces, some long since cold and marble-like, now resting beneath the yew trees in the rural graveyard; others gone, God knows whither; others still, like our own, filled with life's vexations and trials and uncertainties, their brightness vanished and their bloom decayed! Was there a particular face?—one of especial brightness and loveliness, of bubbling joy and of exquisite delight, the sight of which made our being thrill, the thought of which filled our minds and soothed our souls like a cool spray falling over a fevered brow, and the suggestion of being ever parted from which was like a death sentence—well, who wants to tell? Yet happy is the man who can dwell upon that face to-day without confusion and without compunction.

And from the spot where we can see the men curing the hay we can look to the church and the school, the distant village and the sky-kissed hill beyond which once lay our great unknown world. There we dreamed our dreams and built our castles and formed our ideals. How the future glowed with the light of our hope and confidence and how easily we hewed our way to man's false ideal of fame!

The load of hay has moved on its way. Its sweet scent does not long linger in a crowded city. The heavy atmosphere again assails us. Our eyes rest on the mud-covered ice and the bleak trees and the piles of brick and mortar where sentiment is dead and trade is king. Yet we are the better for this little excursion of memory. Yet are we more purified in spirit for the little ramble where the new-mown hay is cured. And every time in future when we see a load of hay we will thank God for its presence and pity that man from our heart, even if he were 100 times a millionaire, who cannot rise higher than to ask its price.

STORY ABOUT EDWARD CLARK,

Famous Capitol Architect's Extreme Care in Spending Public Funds.

"The late Edward Clark, the architect of the capitol for so many years, taken all in all was the most careful man in the way of expending public money that I ever knew," remarked an experienced treasury official recently, "and his accounts, running way up into the millions, were always well within the law and appropriation. He would not expend a penny that was not appropriated in distinct terms and took no chances.

"I remember on one occasion, having business in his office, when a well-known man, a newspaper writer, by the way, came in and urged him to have a sign painted with the words 'To the Dome' on it and placed on the door leading to the dome. It was during the centennial year, when the capitol was overrun with visitors. Mr. Clark admitted that the sign would be a great convenience to visitors and others, but said he could not have it painted because there had been no distinct appropriation made for it. There was an appropriation made that year for 'painting the dome' and the newspaper man argued that a small amount of that appropriation, say 50 cents, surely could be used to have the sign painted, but Mr. Clark would not yield.

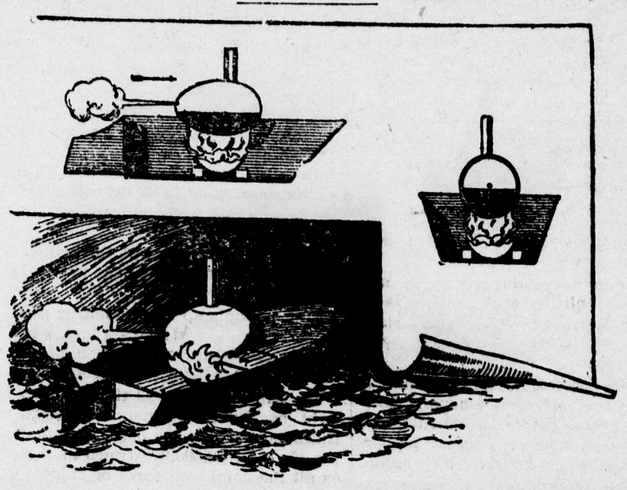
"The newspaper man determined to carry out his idea for the accommodation of the public and went up to Charley Armor, a sign painter on D street, and had the sign painted, paying for it out of his own pocket. He then put the sign on the door himself early one morning and it remained there for over twenty years.

"Ten years afterward I happened to be in Mr. Clark's office at the capitol when the same newspaper writer came in. The subject of the sign came up and the newspaper man said he thought he would put in a claim to Congress for the 50 cents he had paid to have the sign painted. Mr. Clark acknowledged that the sign had been a great convenience, but that it was on the door without authority of law and had been for years.

"'I have often thought of having it taken down,' said Mr. Clark, 'and have frequently spoken to Senator Morrill and others who by public consent are looked upon as guardians of the building, but find that they think it has done and is doing more good than harm and have consented to let it remain there, but I am not sure it is there properly.' "Why don't you take it down, then?' asked the newspaper man. Mr. Clark thought a moment for an answer and then gave the old one, 'There is no appropriation for the work.'

"And this reminds me again," said the official, according to the Washington Star, "that if some public-spirited citizen cares to expend another half dollar—the continued absence of the appropriation, additional one, I mean—on a similar sign, it will be welcomed by the visiting public, for the sign of which I speak rusted out and fell off several years ago and there has been none there since."

EASILY-MADE TOY STEAMBOAT.



Make a boat of strong cardboard, as shown in figure. The rudder, turning about a pin as axle, is connected with the sides of the boat by two pieces of thread of uneven length, giving the rudder an angular position. A tub of water is the ocean on which our little boat will steam about.

Two pieces of wire, bent as shown in figure and fastened to the sides of the boat like hooks, hold an eggshell, the contents of which you have sucked out, leaving a little hole on one side, as shown in figure. The shell is filled with water up to the little hole and represents the boiler, placed on the two pieces of wire, with the hole to the rear somewhat above the rear wall of the boat. To heat the boiler we use half of an eggshell placed on a piece of cork underneath the boiler, with a small piece of cotton in the center. Pour some alcohol on the cotton and set fire to it. The water will begin to boil in a few minutes and a fine stream of steam will leave the hole of the eggshell. The pressure of the steam on the air will move the little boat in the opposite direction—that is, forward—and we have a steamboat steaming without wheels or screw.

TEACHING LEADS TO INSANITY.

Grave Warning to Women from a German Scientist.

According to Prof. Zimm of Berlin, women are peculiarly unfitted to hold the post of professional teacher. Through an exhaustive series of experiments conducted among German women school teachers the Berlin scientist comes to the conclusion that women who teach school ultimately wind up in an institution for the insane. Up to this time it has been thought that school teaching was peculiarly adapted to women. It was pointed out that if women had to work, that was the best branch of industry for them—the one attended with the least exposure to hardship and the least strain on the physical being. After examining all occupations in which women make a living, such as telephone girls, saleswomen, domestic servants, governesses, factory employes, secretaries, nurses and the like, the conclusion has been reached by the German investigator that there is more prevalence toward insanity among women teachers than among women engaged in any other work.

While no statistics for America have been carefully compiled on this particular point, an examination of the lunacy reports for even one State—New York—brings out some startling and significant facts. The period covered by the statistics extends from 1880 to the present time. The State hospital reports for New York for annual periods since 1880 show a gradual increase among insane school teachers from year to year. Taking two typical years—1888 and 1889—it appears that during the former year there were 8,616 insane women, employed in educational life. Women employed in commercial life, such as stenographers, clerks and the like, numbered but 22 insane, while saleswomen and shopkeepers numbered 257 insane. Seamstresses and factory workers numbered 1,472 insane women, while women doctors, artists and others numbered but 65. In 1897 there were 1,154 women employed in higher education who became insane, as against 690 domestic servants, 14 artists, 39 typewriters and clerks and 139 factory hands.

The Berlin doctor does not stand alone in his conclusions. He is supported by nearly all medical authorities who have gone exhaustively into the subject of women's occupations.

ENORMOUS FEES.

Royalty and Rich People Pay Dearly for Medical Treatment.

In the medical world some enormous fees have been paid from time to time. In 1762 the famous Hertfordshire physician, Thomas Dimsdale, was summoned to St. Petersburg to vaccinate the Empress Catherine II. He was in the city less than a week, but so successfully did he accomplish his task that he was paid a consideration of £12,000, in addition to a life pension of £500 a year. Another costly vaccinating operation was that performed a few years ago by Dr. Butler upon six Indian Rajahs, and from each of his patients he received £10,000 for less than a day's work.

When King Edward, or the Prince of Wales, as he was then, lay at death's door with typhoid fever, the famous William Jenner was called in for a period of four weeks, and in return he was paid at the rate of £2,500 a week and given a baronetcy into the bargain. Nor was it by any means unusual for him to receive a fee of £500 for an hour's consultation with less celebrated patients.

But royalty invariably pay their medical attendants highly. The late Sir Morell Mackenzie journeyed to Berlin to relieve the sufferings of the Emperor Frederick during his last illness, and secured a fee of £20,000, while Prof. Zocherine, of Moscow, who was called to Livadia when the Czar Alexander III. lay dying, was presented with a check for £15,000, in addition to all expenses, for a two day's attendance upon his illustrious patient. Dr. Yowski, the famous oculist, pocketed a fee of £7,000 for attending the Shah's son at Teheran some years ago, a figure completely put into the shade by that captured by an English army surgeon, who paid occasional visits to the Rajah of Rampur, India, when that potentate was suffering from an acute attack of rheumatism. The patient did not wait for him to send in his bill, finding his treatment beneficial and rewarding him with a draft for £10,000.

The highest medical fee ever paid, however, became the property of a blind physician, Dr. Gale, of Bristol, who cured a wealthy patient of a diseased knee by electric treatment, and in return found his banking account richer by £50,000.—Pearson's Weekly.

The "Poverty Luncheon" Is Popular.

"Poverty Luncheons" offer a good way of combining pleasure and philanthropy. Half a dozen girls agree to meet at the home of each, in turn, once a week, or once a fortnight, for luncheon. At every meeting each guest brings fifty cents, which is given to some charity, and each hostess pledges herself not to exceed three dollars in preparing her entertainment. These prices and contributions may, of course, be varied at pleasure. At the close of the meal the hostess must tell the price paid for each article of food, which the guests note upon their menu cards. A sample menu would be: Canned bouillon (15 cents); creamed codfish, served in green peppers (40 cents); two pounds of chops (50 cents); with puree of French chestnuts (15 cents); salad of chopped apple and celery with mayonnaise, served in red apples (35 cents); pineapple ice served in the whole rind (45 cents); coffee (8 cents); bread and butter (15 cents). Total, $2.23.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Slander Defined.

You cannot slander a man who loses at poker. You can only slander the man who wins. At least that is what the Supreme Court of New York said recently in throwing out the famous Fidelio Club case, in which the plaintiff asked for $50,000 damages because the defendant said he had cheated. It is no slander to say a man cheated at cards, but it is a slander to say he won money by cheating. You cannot cheat and lose. The court views that in the light of a paradox.

A Perpetual Praiser.

"So he writes poetry for a living?"

"No, for a dead. His specialty is epitaphs."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

TIME TO LEAVE HOME

'TIS WHEN HOUSE CLEANING FEVER RAGES

Signs by Which the Coming of the Pestilential Season May Be Determined by the Male Section of the Family, that They May Flee.

Behold, the time is again, and is even now upon us, when the women of the land will put aside the thought of the new dress and the becoming bonnet.

And decide that this will be a good day to begin cleaning house.

Yea, the time of the cleaning of houses is near, and it cometh upon us as a thief in the night.

Or as a trolley car at a crossing, for swiftness and unexpectedness;

And as the raging cyclone, for suddenness and wreck.

Harken unto me, my son, that thou mayest know when this pestilence is upon thy house,

That thou mayest learn the signs and the symbols of its coming,

So that thou mayest go thence for a day or two, until the attack be past.

Seest thou a woman who peereth into the corners of the wall and rubbeth with her fingers above the frames of the pictures?

Doth she poke at the carpets with her feet and shake the curtains in her hand, saying that they need washing?

Doth she linger before the window of the drug store where the moth ball roteth in gay display and the household ammonia showeth its color aright?

Then, verily, it is well for thee that thou goest to an hotel and lodgest for a season.

For she will on the morrow, or even sooner, rend the carpets from the floor of the house and compel thee to beat upon them in the back yard until the fingers of thy hands feel like unto hot nails and thy arms are even dropping from thee.

She will cause thee to lift upon the piano until it slippeth over against thee, and shoveth thy back into the wall, and rideth upon thy feet so that thy corns howl aloud as in anguish and thy bunions become as raging volcanoes.

She will give thee to eat disappointed pickles from the grocery and cold ham that hath sojourned beside the cake of soap;

And to drink thou shalt have coffee that hath been warmed over from the day before yesterday and is now as cold as the handclasp of thy rich uncle;

She will wear garments about her that will cause thee to think of divorce on the grounds of false pretenses.

For her hair will hang in strings about her face, and there will be smut upon her nose, and the gleam of madness in her eyes;

While for her raiment she will wear an old red table cloth, thy ancient rubber shoes and a basque of the vintage of '76;

So that thou shalt look upon her and wonder.

Furthermore, thou shalt sleep in the midst of shoes, and books, and picture frames, and shalt find no chair to sit upon.

Therefore, it is well and it is wise that thou shouldst go away for a time when thou seest these signs and symbols of the coming of the fever that maketh woman clean house;

For she that was as the gentle dove of the valley becometh then as the raging loon of the desert.

And thy home, that was the abode of peace, groweth in a moment into a place of desolation and turmoil.

Is it not so, even as it is written?

Verily, it is true, and that is the saddest part of it.—Baltimore American.

BEAUTIFYING WASHINGTON.

Elaborate Plans Now Being Evolved at the National Capital.

The commission of experts who have been studying the problem of beautifying the city of Washington have wisely proceeded on the theory that their duty is a national one. The capital is in a peculiar sense the nation's city. Its chief industry is the performance of the national business. Its great pageants, as, for example, the inauguration, are national demonstrations, and the people of the whole country are interested in it.

It was this spirit, indeed, that actuated L'Enfant, the French engineer, or landscape architect, as he would be called to-day, when he laid out magnificent streets and avenues for a city which was then only a struggling village in the wilderness. So admirable were his plans that the present commission found in them the only satisfactory basis for the city's growth. Their recommendations, therefore, are largely in the nature of extension and consummation.

The city has outgrown its original carefully planned area. The Capitol and the White House are, of course, placed for all time, and between them stretches the broad thoroughfare which in L'Enfant's plan was to sweep unbroken from the seat of the executive branch of the government to that of the legislative; but in Jackson's time the Treasury Building was allowed to intervene, and thus restrict the vista.

The commission proposes that the wide mall from the Capitol to the Washington monument, now encumbered by buildings and railway tracks, be cleared and extended to the Potomac, and that it be intersected by a park running from the White House to the river. At the junction thus formed the monument to the first President would rear its white shape, to be seen through vistas of trees both from the Capitol and from the White House, as well as from the proposed Lincoln memorial on the river front.

The commission also suggests locations for public buildings, and proposes extensions of the park and boulevard systems. Its plans have been embodied in models for Congress to study.

The suggestions involve, of course, the ultimate expenditure of a vast amount of money; but it is not proposed to carry them out in their entirety at once. Rather will they serve, if adopted, as a guide by which changes may be made in the certainty of increasing the reputation, which Washington already enjoys, of being one of the most beautiful cities in the world.—Youth's Companion.

BLIND AND A PEARL EXPERT.

A Sightless Tennesseean Who Hunts for and Deals in Gems.

Joseph Gossett, aged 42, of Clinton, Tenn., the center of the great pearl hunting industry, is totally blind, but he hunts pearls as successfully as any of the thousands of mountain people who swarm along the Clinch and Holston rivers looking for pearls.

Gossett was among the first persons to discover that the Clinch river pearl existed. He was then hardly 21. He sold his first pearl for $50 and after that became an eager pearl hunter.

While wading in the river he contracted malaria and lost his eyesight, but he did not give up. The next spring found him at the head of a gang of pearl hunters, and he has since been persistent in his work.

He finds the mussels with his hands or feet by the sense of touch. After gathering a quantity of the bivalves he will sit in his boat and open them, slowly feeling in the shells of the mussel for the pearl.

No sooner has he found one than he can estimate its value in every particular except as to the color. For this element he trusts his sister, Miss Malinda Gossett.

He lives in a suburb of the town in a house which he owns. He buys many pearls. He has bought from pearl hunters already this year $5,000 worth of pearl and states that he will handle four times as much before the year has closed.

"I will go to New York next fall," he says. "I intend to buy a large stock and go with my sister. I am sure that I would find a ready market instead of dealing with the brokers as I do."

Gossett has never married and takes no interest in anything but his profession. He wears a glove on his left hand constantly, as he says that this is his "pearl hand," meaning that with it he feels pearls when making purchases.—New York Sun.

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

She Asked the Conductor If His Car Would Be Late Next Day.

"This may be a strange world, all right," remarked a conductor of the Georgetown and Tenallytown Railroad recently, "but I incline to the theory that the old globe is not at all unusual—'tis the folks who move about its surface that constitute the strange part of the situation. And believe me when I assert that we who personally conduct these street railway tours come in contact with at least 99 per cent of the strange ones."

"What's the latest?" inquired the reporter, who has observed a few queer people on the street cars himself.

"The latest was a woman who should have known better, and who got off at Tenallytown on my last trip out," explained the conductor. "Here we are in the midst of a heavy snowstorm and nobody in existence is able to tell whether this car will get to the top of the next hill or slide back to Georgetown. Now what do you think that woman said to me? Remarked that she was five minutes late in getting to her office this morning and demanded that I should tell her if the cars would be late to-morrow, and if so, exactly to what extent."

"And what did you reply?" asked the reporter, according to the Washington Star.

"I informed her in a tone that everybody in the car could hear that if I was the chief of the weather bureau or possessed the power to read the future I wouldn't be registering fares and listening to fool questions. She gave a sniff that was almost a snort as she got off, for all the passengers were laughing."

Who Got the Money?

Alfred H. Curtis, cashier of the National Bank of North America, is winding up the business of the Bank of the State of New York, of which he was formerly cashier. A few days ago an uncouth countryman went into the office and said to Mr. Curtis:

"My sister owns twenty shares of the stock of this bank and they tell me you are going out of business."

"It has been decided to liquidate," said Mr. Curtis.

"And they tell me you are only going to give $170 for each share."

"Yes, that is the liquidating price."

"Well, say, young fellow, didn't this stock sell for $270 last summer?"

"Yes, that was the market quotation," said the cashier.

"Well," put in the countryman, as he brought his fist down on the office railing, "I want to know who got that money."—New York Times.

"His William of Exceptions."

"Recently," wrote a Kansas lawyer, "you had an article about the lack of dignity upon the bench. It reminded me of a case in point, the judge being on the bench in southern Kansas in the early '70s. He was noting on his record the filing of a bill of exceptions and this is the way he did it: 'And now comes the attorney for the plaintiff, rasping his william of exceptions."

LABOR NOTES

The 22 shipyards of Germany employ 60,000 men.

More than 140,000 men are engaged in anthracite coal mining.

Victoria, Australia, ships to London each year about $8,000,000 worth of butter.

A great fortune has been made from the wire device and rubber cork for beer bottles.

There are 6,059 establishments in the United States, with 46,647 acres, where flowers and ornamental plants are cultivated.

Shorthand was first taught by M. de la Valde in a treatise entitled "French Tachygraphy," printed in 1774; in it 400 characters were used.

The leading industries of California are in close rivalry as to annual product. Sugar and slaughtering each produce about $15,000,000, while lumber, flour and fruits each show about $13,000,000.

The union of junior machinists recently formed in Chicago is proving a success, more than 100 boys having already joined. Similar unions have been organized in New York, Pittsburg, Milwaukee, Kansas City, St. Louis, Omaha, San Francisco, Cleveland and Philadelphia. Boys of any age who have worked six months at the trade are eligible.

The drug clerks of Chicago, who for some time have had an organization of their own, but have not been able to accomplish much, have united with the retail clerks, and have enrolled as Local No. 552. This step is most significant. For some time the drug clerks hesitated to take it. They felt that a drug store was a little bit different from a dry goods store, and that a man who was employed in the one must be a little bit different from a man who was employed in the other. Actual economic forces, however, proved stronger than artificial social barriers. By themselves the drug clerks were doing nothing. United with the retail clerks they felt they could do a great deal. The two organizations were natural and inevitable allies. Now the alliance is consummated and in it there will be strength. To-day the retail clerks, and with them the drug clerks, are members of the Chicago Federation of Labor, and send delegates to the fortnightly meetings of that body. They are completely identified with union labor. They have pledged themselves to buy only union-made goods and to urge upon their employers the use of the union label. They are a part of unionism as much as the carpenters, the plumbers, or the cigarmakers, and their absorption into the union system is an instructive event. They have shortened their hours of labor, have had their wages raised and other conditions improved, and are now enthusiastic trade unionists.

HE HAS 47 LIVING CHILDREN.

Now Has a Sixth Wife and Is Only 102 Years of Age.

On the farm of Jason Gibbs, in Carroll County, Tenn., lives a remarkable old negro. His name is George Gwinn, and he is one of the few centenarians in Carroll County, being 102 years of age. But the most remarkable feature in connection with this old darky is the extensive list of his lineal descendants. They number more than 200.

Gwinn was born in 1800 on Gwinns Creek, Carroll County. While yet a young man George was married, and by his first wife had four children. He is now living with his sixth wife, and by the entire six is the father of forty-seven children. All of the forty-seven are still living; all are married, and have had an average of three children each, making 140 grandchildren and three great-great-grandchildren.

Gwinn's first wife was taken from him more than sixty years ago, sold into slavery and carried to Little Rock. He never saw her again. He then married Iris Dickson, an Indian woman. He then took unto himself Charlotte Thomas, Maria Mathias, and Minerva Randle.

Gwinn is rather lively, considering his extreme age. Although compelled to go about with the aid of a cane, he can still work some and very often does a fairly good day's work. He uses neither liquor nor tobacco, having quit both several years ago because he thought they were undermining his constitution. His mind is still good and he delights to gather about him a crowd and talk of events of four-score years ago.

A New Lenten Entertainment.

A "Kaffee-Klatsch" or, being interpreted, "Coffee and Chatter," is a variation of the afternoon tea. Being of German origin, with the coffee should be served the various kinds of cake and bread peculiar to that people—zwieback, pretzels, sandwiches made from brown bread with caraway seeds, and the small cakes which the German bakers have in great variety. The coffee should be of the best and served with whipped cream. It should be understood that at a "Kaffee" the guests bring their work and "make an afternoon of it." Invite them at half after 3 and serve the refreshments at 5. A little music is in order, or the entertainment would lack its German character—"homely" music, that encourages others to contribute what they have to give. It is a great mistake to do things too well.—Ladies' Home Journal.

THE ENTERPRISE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop

Entered at the Postoffice at South San Francisco, Cal., as second class matter, December 19th, 1895.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year, in advance	$1 50
Six Months, "	1 50
Three Months, "	50

Advertising rates furnished on application.

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SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1902.

The fire tax carried on Wednesday by an emphatic majority. It has been voted twice and is now two ply strong. Now let plans be prepared for a permanent and effective Fire Department.

Cuba is free. Four years ago the Government of the United States resolved: "That the people of the island of Cuba are and have a right to be free and independent." The pledge of the great Republic has been redeemed and its promise made good. On Wednesday, May 20th, the free and independent Republic of Cuba proudly took its place among the nations of the earth. Long live "Cuba libre."

The San Francisco Examiner wants Congressman Loud to favor the bill for an increase in the pay of the letter carriers of the United States. In the course of an appeal by the Examiner to Mr. Loud on the letter carrier bill the Examiner's Mr. Homer Davenport furnishes the following pen picture of the veteran member from the Fifth District:

"Loud is a big, hardworking, simple, honest man. I know him well. He hasn't got a dollar, and doesn't want any money. He is interested in his work, he does what he thinks he ought to do, and nothing will influence him except an argument that appeals to his idea of what is right."

Davenport's business is the brush rather than the pen and he is not given to flattery. Mr. Loud is in his twelfth year of service in Congress. To say he is simple is caricature exaggerated. The rest of Davenport's picture is true to life. The Fifth District has reason to be proud of its representative in Congress. We too think the letter carriers are as a class overworked and underpaid, and should like to see the matter remedied. As to the bill in question we know very little about it. Mr. Loud, as chairman of the Postoffice Committee of the House, has made postal affairs a study. He understands the subject and understands the pending bill. We are willing to trust his knowledge and judgment in this matter, confident he will do the thing that is best for the service of the people and the servants of the people.

As the season has waned the bright prospect at the beginning of Congress passing a canal bill at this session, has faded, and it looks now as the whole matter would be relegated to another Congress. It is but a repetition of the story of all previous attempts to get Congress to carry out the expressed will of the people. Probably nine out of every ten citizens of the United States are heartily in favor of the Government cutting a canal through the Isthmus. The proportion is probably larger. Nobody openly opposes the project, yet occult and insidious forces are constantly operating to thwart the will of the people. Each Congress is successively hypnotized and paralyzed, and left tied up in a mesh of petty quibbles and small differences over details.—San Mateo Leader.

GLOBE SIGHTS.

Some people "look around" too long.

When you take a hint take also to your heels.

Any woman with whom her husband is in love, is all right.

Some things that are said to be "artistic," are rotten foolish.

The best cure for a row is prompt separation of the parties to it.

Some people take care of their money and neglect their stomachs.

If you can't shoot, give up the gun.

When you go visiting don't stay too long.

Every day is a dull day for a dull person.

The poorer a man's credit the less hesitancy he has in asking for it.

We'd rather be able to quit a lot of bad habits we have than be president.

Don't go out of your way to give a hint. No one who really needs a hint will take one.

We have never seen a thousand dollar dog that we would give ten cents for.

It is easy to have too much of a good thing; two sweethearts at one time, for example.

It all depends upon the point of view. In hell they don't think the water cure is so bad.

Some one should invent a powder to take when you feel that yearning to tell a secret confided to you.

The next time you think of applying to a man for help, remember that he probably has a load, too.

If a man makes a prediction, people forget it if it does not come true, but he will not let them forget it if it comes true.

If any friend of ours will refuse to spend five dollars on flowers when we die, and in a year later invest five cents in flower seeds for our grave, we will be very grateful.—Atchison Globe.

HER LOST DIARY.

The Plaguy Thing Had All Her Dearest Secrets Recorded Too.

"Diary!" fairly shrieked the pretty young lady, with flashing eyes, as she walked down the avenue with a companion. "Diary! Don't you say diary to me again. What do you know about it, Kate?"

"Nothing, only that you told me that you had commenced keeping a diary, as usual, and I supposed you had dropped it at the end of a month, as usual. I didn't mean to throw you into hysterics."

"Kate, don't you ever breathe a word of it, but I've lost that diary; dropped it somewhere on the street. And the plaguy thing has all my dearest secrets in it. I wrote just what I thought too. It just sends me crazy. There it is in black and white that Lillian looks like a fright, that Hattie is turning green from jealousy, that Charley is just too sweet to live and that Fred hasn't sense enough to talk more than three minutes unless he rehearses in advance."

"Why don't you advertise and offer a reward?"

"Indeed, I won't. I never want to see the thing again. If any one returns it, I shall declare that it's a forgery from beginning to end. I'll never own up the longest day I live."

"What did you say about me, Edith?"

"Oh, I don't just remember, but something nice. You can depend on that, for you're my very dearest friend."

"I can help your memory. You wrote that I was the most inquisitive little minx in the city and that I thought it my special business to look after other people's business. Here's your diary. You left it at our house, and Tommy spelled out your estimate of me before I knew what he was doing. Good afternoon."

Then they looked at each other, both began to cry, fell into each other's arms and in five minutes were criticising a mutual friend.—Kansas City Independent.

Tree That Turns to Stone.

There is a tree that grows in Mexico called the "chijol," or stone tree. It is of enormous proportions, both in circumference and height. It has a number of branches spreading out widely and carrying leaves of a yellowish green color. The wood is extremely fine and easily worked in a green state. It is not given to either warping or splitting. The most remarkable thing about it is that after being cut the wood gets gradually harder, and in the course of a few years it is absolutely petrified whether left in the open air or buried in the ground. From this timber houses can be built that would in a few years become completely fireproof and would last as though built of stone.

First Railroad Charter.

The first charter ever granted in this country or probably any other for the building of a railroad was granted in 1819 to Henry Drinker by the Pennsylvania legislature for a road of that kind from the Delaware valley to the headwaters of the Lehigh river over the route now occupied by the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad from the Water Gap to Scranton. That was before the days of steam, and the "wagons" that were to be run on the road were to be moved by horse power. That old charter and the rights it conveyed were purchased by the original Delaware and Lackawanna company for $1,000.

The Scepter.

The scepter was the emblem of power. As the silver wand, so familiar in cathedrals, was once hollow, containing the "virge" or rod with which chastisement was inflicted upon the choristers and younger members of the foundation, so the royal scepter represented the right to inflict punishment. Hence the expression "to sway the scepter" implied the holding of regal dignity. The scepter with the dove possessed the additional signification of the Holy Ghost, as controlling the actions of the sovereign. The same idea was conveyed at Reims by the beautiful ceremony of letting loose a number of doves at the coronation of the French kings.—Good Words.

Crushed.

"You talk mighty glib about the corruption in this ward," interrupted a sallow faced man in the audience. "What business is it of yours? Have you got any permanent investments in this ward?"

"Yes, I have!" thundered the orator. "Fellow citizens, I once lent that man a dollar."

He was not interrupted again.—Chicago Tribune.

She Got a Thrifty Husband.

Mrs. Smith—I reckon our Jane has got a first rate husband.

Mrs. Brown—Well, you ought to be thankful.

Mrs. Smith—I hope I am, Gusty. Of course he isn't much to look at, and he ain't oversmart, but there's one thing, and that is he's saving. Why, the very first day after the marriage he told Jane she'd better let him take the engagement ring back and get the money returned. He said there was no longer any use for her to wear it now that she was married.—Boston Transcript.

HE PLAYED BURGLAR

BUT HE DID IT INNOCENTLY AND DID IT ARTISTICALLY AS WELL.

The Plausible Scheme by Which a Safe Expert Was Fooled and Used by a Trio of Notorious Cracksmen to Get at Their Plunder.

To the man whose shingle bears the inscription "Safe Expert" and whose little shop, not far from the great dry goods district, contains a full assortment of implements for the forcible opening of safes, the writer said, "Would you be well qualified to play the burglar?"

"Yes," said the little keen eyed man, running his fingers through his scant hair reflectively. "I once did play burglar. In fact, I played the star role in a safe cracking enterprise. I was the innocent means by which a wholesale house was robbed of several thousand dollars which had been taken in too late in the day to be banked.

"I was in business then in another city. I was sitting smoking at my shop door about 8 o'clock one evening when a messenger boy came with a note on the letter paper of a well known house asking me to come at once with my tools to the office of the firm.

"The office was lighted up, and a portly, prosperous looking man sat at a roll top desk, while two clerks, perched on stools, were working at some books.

"'I am Mr. ——,' said the portly one, giving the name of the head of the firm. 'Something has gone wrong with the safe, and I want you to open it. The combination is 6-27-45, but something must have broken inside, for it won't open, and we have got to get some books out of the safe tonight.'

"As I tried the combination which the man had given me he explained that he had locked the safe when he went out to dinner and was unable to open it when he came back.

"It was one of those 'alum' filled safes, and I suspected rust had done its work inside.

"'Nothing to do but drill it open,' said I.

"'Go ahead,' said the portly one, 'and don't keep me here any longer than you can help.'

"With that he turned to his desk, and I worked away unsuspectingly. There was dead silence except when the man at the desk spoke to one or the other of the clerks about some account, and the tread of the policeman on that beat could be heard as he passed the office.

"I did not realize until afterward that I was working out of view of the passing policeman, for the safe was behind the bookkeeper's desk, but the shades were up and the man at the roll top desk and the bookkeepers could be plainly seen from the street.

"I got out my bits, adjusted the brace, and soon steel was biting steel, but the sound of the ratchet was drowned by the click of the typewriter, for the portly party began dictating to one of the clerks as soon as I began drilling the safe. When I thought it all over afterward, it occurred to me that this was to cover the sound of my operations.

"In half an hour I had a hole in the front of the safe, and a little manipulation got the tumblers into place, and the door swung open.

"'Here you are, sir,' said I, and the portly man came around to the safe.

"'Very neatly done,' he said. 'You'd make a good burglar.'

"'But the sound of the ratchet would bring the "cops,"' said I.

"'True,' remarked the man, and, drawing out a roll of bills, he handed me $20.

"'Is that right?' he asked.

"'Quite right,' I replied. 'Shall I come in the morning to fix the safe?'

"'No,' said he, 'I will have the makers of the safe attend to it.'

"As I gathered up my tools the portly man directed one of the clerks to get out the books that were needed, and he went back to the desk.

"I trundled back to my shop, meeting the policeman at the corner, and while I was standing chatting with him the trio came out of the office.

"'You can come down an hour later than usual in the morning,' said the portly man as he climbed into a hansom that had rolled up to the office, and, shouting the name of a well known club to the driver, he pulled the doors to and was driven away.

"Before noon the next day the policeman whom I had talked with and a detective came into my shop.

"'That was a neat job you did last night,' said the policeman.

"'What?' I asked, the nature of the work I had done not yet dawning on me.

"'The looting of ——'s safe,' said the policeman. 'Come along.'

"The portly person who employed me to open the safe was a well known burglar who had 'made up' to impersonate the head of the firm, and the two clerks were confederates, one of whom had got a place with the firm to get the lay of the land.

"They had taken possession of the office after it was closed for the day, and, not daring to blow open the safe, because that would have made the police sweep down on them, they had boldly sent for me to 'do the job,' neatly possessed themselves of nearly $4,000 that was in the safe and were across the Canadian border before the robbery was discovered when the office was opened the next day.

"I told my story to the magistrate and was released on bonds to appear as a witness when the trio were caught.

"The papers called me 'the innocent burglar,' the name stuck to me and hurt my business, and the police were rather attentive to me, so I came here some years ago."—New York Times.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Some of the caterpillars found in the vicinity of the Darling river, Australia, are over six inches in length.

The leaders of a flock of migrating wild geese become tired sooner than others and are frequently relieved by their fellows.

The gray buzzard is said to be the heaviest bird that flies, the young males, when food is plentiful, weighing nearly forty pounds. The bird is nearly extinct.

The terrapin lives largely upon crabs. He never eats his food, but bolts it. His favorite tidbit is the crab's claw, which he swallows whole with the greatest relish.

The glowworm lays eggs which, it is said, are themselves luminous. However, the young hatched from them are not possessed of those peculiar properties until after the first transformation.

A whistling moth is an Australian rarity. There is a glassy space on the wings crossed with ribs. When the moth wants to whistle, it strikes these ribs with its antennæ, which have a knob at the end. The sound is a love call from the male to the female.

Repaid In Kind.

At a certain ball in the country the other evening a gentleman undertook to introduce a companion to a young but somewhat stout lady, who seemed to be pining for a dance.

"No, thanks, old fellow. I don't care to waltz with a cart."

A "cart" is understood in the district referred to as a partner who does not do her share of the dancing, but has to be drawn around.

A few evenings later the same young lady, who had overheard the conversation, beheld the young man seeking an introduction and asking if he might have the honor, etc.

"No, thank you," she replied. "I may be a cart, but I am not a donkey cart!" —London Tit-Bits.

Baby's Name.

"But why did you name your baby after his most disreputable ancestor?" the surprised friend asked the proud young mother.

"Well, you see I expect him to improve on the former bearer of the name. Indeed, he hardly can help it, because the ancestor was so very bad. If I had named him after the most distinguished member of the family, he might not have lived up to the name. Babies hardly ever do when they are named for great personages, as I have often noticed."—New York Press.

A Very Old Rule.

The oldest mathematic book in the world is believed to be the "Papyrus Rhind" in the British museum, professed to have been written by Ahmes, a scribe of King Ra-a-us, about the period between 2000 and 1700 B. C. This "Papyrus Rhind" was translated by Eisenlohr of Leipsic, and it was found to contain a rule for making a square equal in area to a given circle. It was not put forth as an original discovery, but as the transcript of a treatise 500 years older still, which sends us back to, approximately, 2500 B. C., when Egyptian mathematicians solved, or thought they had solved, the problem of squaring the circle.

The Teacher Was Not Slow.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Willie. "I chucked a bananer skin in front of de teacher."

"I don't see any joke in that," spoke up his mother.

"Don't you? Well, he tumbled all right, all right."—Philadelphia Record.

SCIENCE SIFTINGS.

Saturn's largest moon is 2,092 miles in diameter, slightly smaller than our own.

Jupiter is one and a half times larger than all the rest of the planets put together.

In size the sun equals 1,300,000 earths, but owing to its smaller density its weight equals only 300,000 earths.

Careful scientific investigations show that the average speed of the transmission of earthquake shocks is nearly 16,000 feet per second.

Zinc expands up to the melting point. A bar of hammered zinc six inches long will expand 1.100 of an inch in raising the temperature 100 degrees F.

The sun gives 600,000 times as much light as the full moon, 7,000,000,000 times as much as the brightest star in the sky and 36,000,000 times as much as all the combined stars of the heavens.

The latest theory in connection with drowning is that no water enters the lungs and that heat properly applied, with artificial respiration, will resuscitate persons who have been under water for an hour. This feat has been accomplished by the doctor who advances the theory.

Theology as He Understood It.

Passengers in an uptown car one afternoon last week were very much entertained and amused by a discussion of things spiritual by two colored passengers. As the debate waxed warmer the voices of the debaters grew louder until what was said was plainly audible to all in the car. After each had made a confession of faith and given his views of the means whereby mortal man could gain salvation one of the pair blurted out in a tone that implied that all his hope for the next world was embodied in the words:

"Well, sah, I b'lieve dat what's gwine to be is sho'ly gwine to be."

"Huh," grunted his companion contemptuously, "den yo' b'lieves in premeditashun."—Baltimore Sun.

A Peculiar Politician.

"He's a mighty hard man to get along with," said the practical politician sadly. "Mighty hard."

"He seems thoroughly honest."

"Of course he is. That's what makes him so erratic and unsatisfactory. Every once in awhile he insists on doing something simply because he thinks it is right, without waiting to figure out what its effect on his political prospects is liable to be."—Washington Star.

Encourage the useful men in the community. Don't start foolish and untruthful stories about them and discourage the work they are doing. If you cannot do anything for the public good yourself, don't discourage those who are willing to give their time and money toward developing the community in which you live.—Atchison Globe.

She Did.

"Auntie, Charles Gass proposed to me last night."

"The impudent fellow! Somebody ought to sit down on him."

"Why, auntie, I rather think somebody did."—Baltimore News.

Some people seem to think they have to prove they have a mind by speaking it.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Nothing is so grand as truth; nothing so forcible, nothing so moral.—Landor.

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House Broker,
Notary Public.

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner Grand and Linden Avenue, SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL

TOWN NEWS

The winds did blow.

Go to Kauffmann for shoes.

No damage by the wind storm.

A good tailor could do well here.

The new baker is giving satisfaction.

Don't forget the school entertainment this evening.

Senator Healy is kept busy these days delivering lumber.

Buckman's graders are cutting down the hill east of town rapidly.

Mr. and Mrs. Rube Smith have removed to San Francisco's butchertown.

That graphophone at Mell Cohen's makes more noise than a big brass band.

Born, in this town, on Thursday, May 15th, to the wife of A. Schmidt, a 12-pound daughter.

If you don't buy a lot now you will soon wish you had and then it will be too late for a bargain.

Ed Schulties and Henry Kneese returned on Tuesday from a prospecting trip to Amador county.

Mr. G. W. Bennett of Alameda has returned from his trip East and on Sunday paid our town a visit.

The contractors on the electric road between Holy Cross and Baden have fifty teams at work. Cushing is a rusher.

Curt Riley came back last week. Curt has been away a long time, but like all the rest who go away he could not stay away.

Mr. Gilman of Gilman & Lynch of Tanforan is running the boarding house at the old Lux ranch for the electric line graders.

Homer C. Duer started on Wednesday to visit his parents at Hudson, Kas. Mr. Duer has been employed here the past two years.

Found, at Armour Pavilion, after ball given by Women of Woodcraft, on Saturday night last, ladies' black fur collarette. Inquire at Postoffice.

Tonight you will have a chance to show your regard for our public school. Help the teachers and pupils by making tonight's entertainment a success.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Postoffice building. *

The New Store is constantly offering new specials and carries a full and complete stock of groceries, both fancy and staple. Try it. Prices down to bedrock.

Parties from San Francisco were down Wednesday and in companywith Land Agent W. J. Martin looked over the water front with a view to locating a factory here.

The packing house of the Western Meat Company was shut down on Wednesday to give the butchers an opportunity to attend the Butcher's picnic at Shellmound.

J. L. Wood and John Schirck have put up a shop on Linden avenue, near Grand, where they will be prepared to do carpenter and plumbing work at any time on fifteen minutes notice.

Station Agent W. E. Barber is in receipt of a letter from his father, in which mention is made of the fact that W. E.'s grandfather living at Rutland, Vt., is 92 years old and lively as a cricket.

The proceeds from the school entertainment this evening will be used to purchase a new flag, pictures for the interior and material for the children's games. Don't miss a chance to do so much good.

The People's Store is full of a fine stock of goods and getting more every week. It is a town institution and a good one. Mrs. Cohen will sell you anything you want in the line of dry goods, notions, fancy and furnishing goods and always at city prices.

The vote at the second election for a fire tax held on Wednesday was a more emphatic approval of the tax than was the first election. On Wednesday there were 41 votes cast, of which number 37 were for and 4 votes were against the tax.

A fire started Saturday night in Sahut's Bakery in the Armour Hotel. Some workmen coming home from the packing house about midnight discovered it, and going in through a window found a can of milk, with which the incipient blaze was extinguished.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building. *

Contractors Healy and Wood have the frame up of the Gaerdes building on Cypress avenue. The building is one story 20x50 feet and will be divided into four large rooms. Each subdivision will be provided with a sink and pantry. The building is intended for use by parties who may want to live in a bachelor's hall. It is something new and will doubtless find occupants.

The marriage of Laurence Heiner and Miss Bettannier is announced to take place on June 4th. Mr. Hiener is a Government inspector at the Port of San Francisco and enjoys a wide circle of friends and acquaintances in this city. The bride-to-be was a former school teacher in Redwood City. She is an accomplished young woman and popular with all who know her. After the honeymoon the young couple will reside in San Francisco.—Times-Gazette, Redwood City.

Grace Guild, an organization to help in the work of Grace Mission of South San Francisco, was organized on May 16th at the residence of Mrs. W. J. Martin. Mrs. Martin was made chairman of the meeting, and the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Martin; vice-president, Mrs. W. S. Taylor; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. Geo. Sneath; work committee, Mrs. Julius Eikerenkotter, Mrs. McCuen and Mrs. Werner; buying committee, Mrs. W. J. Martin and Mrs. McCuen. The object is to assist the work of the Mission by taking orders for fancy and plain sewing.

Press dispatches received last week indicated that the Southern Pacific had applied to the Transcontinental Passenger Association for authority to put in Colonist rates from the East to California.

The proposition did not prove acceptable to all lines, but in view of the immense benefit which must accrue to California from so great an influx of tourists, homeseekers, health seekers and investors, the Southern Pacific took the bull by the horns and arranged with its connections to take independent action and the rate of $25 from Omaha, Kansas City and other Missouri River points will go into effect on March 1st for sixty days. The rate from Chicago will be $33, from St. Louis and New Orleans $30.

This action on the part of the Southern Pacific will help all sections of California, and the opportunity ought to be seized by every member of the community to bring the advantages and attractions of our State prominently before the visitors. tf

"TOUCHED" FOR TWENTY-FIVE.

It is not often that our former fellow-townsman, and ex-town trustee Charles Herbst falls into bad company, but on Saturday last he hied himself from the busy marts of the metropolis and came to San Mateo along with the crowd to get a little fresh air. He mingled with the multitude at the auction sale and enjoyed himself by extending the glad hand to many of his acquaintances, who are always pleased to see him. He took particular pride in showing to strangers the beauties of our town and telling them what wonderful progress the city had made since he sat as a member of its first board of trustees. On preparing to return home, however, he discovered that some naughty pickpocket had delved into the sacred precincts of his trousers pocket and abstracted therefrom $25 in gold coin of the realm. To say he was amazed would hardly express it, but he has not yet finished telling his friends about it and enjoining them to say nothing of the episode. They are keeping the matter quiet with a vengeance.—San Mateo Times.

THE LATE RAINFALL.

The rainfall for this vicinity during the month of April was 2.11 inches; for May, from the 1st to the 15th, 1 inch has fallen, making the total rainfall since our last report 3.11 inches. For the season, 21.01 inches; last season at this date, 22.24 inches. —San Mateo Times.

LABREE-TRASK.

John T. Labree and Miss Leonora R. Trask, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Trask of South San Francisco, were married Wednesday afternoon at 5 o'clock at the Catholic parsonage, Rev. Joseph Nunan officiating. W. P. Labree, brother of the groom, acted as best man and Mrs. R. M. Graham of South San Francisco, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid. After the ceremony the party repaired to the Labree home, where a bountiful wedding dinner was enjoyed by the young couple and a few near relatives. In the evening a number of friends called to tender their congratulations and good wishes, and several very pleasant hours were spent. The Argus is with their many friends in extending congratulations and wishing them a full measure of happiness. —Castroville Argus, May 17.

COUNTY BOARD IN SESSION.

Official Business Transacted by the Supervisors at Monday's Meeting.

The Board of Supervisors met in regular session Monday. All the members were present.

A communication was read from J. C. Jens of Belmont protesting against the blasting of rock in the Belmont quarry near his property. He said that unless it was stopped the county would be a party to a damage suit. Mr. Coleman explained that the quarry was in private property and that he had no men employed there. The clerk was instructed to inform Mr. Jens that the county had no jurisdiction in the matter.

Fred Simon, formerly proprietor of the Abbey House, near Colma, petitioned the Board for a rebate of $78, the unused portion of his liquor license. On motion the matter was laid over until next meeting.

Bids for building a new bridge on the San Pedro road, near Colma, were opened as follows: J. H. Bell, $977.90; Enrico Briggs, $1025.

On motion of Eikerenkotter, seconded by Coleman, the contract was awarded to J. H. Bell, and the chairman was authorized to enter into the proper contract. The time limit is fixed in the specifications at thirty days, which Mr. Bell desired increased to sixty. The Board decided not to grant the increased time.

A map of San Mateo Park was presented by the clerk at the request of Baldwin and Howell, who asked to have same accepted by the Board in order to meet the requirements of a recent law enacted by the Legislature. Coleman objected to accepting the streets unless deeded to the county. The matter was referred to the District Attorney, who reported that the map need not be accepted by the Board, but filed with the Recorder in the usual way.

Debenedetti reported that he had received two bids for a flagpole in front of the Courthouse, one for $515 and the other for $565. He considered them entirely too high, and asked to have same rejected, which was done. Mr. Debenedetti was given further time to report.

The petition of Dr. McLean to be appointed County Veterinarian was again laid over until the next meeting.

The application of the Redwood City Improvement Club for financial assistance in issuing a folder descriptive of the advantages of this county was again laid over.

The Hyde Construction Company's claim for $628 that has been pending before the Board for some time was taken up and fully discussed. Chairman McEvoy thought that $153 would be a liberal offer. Geo. C. Ross, who represented the company, agreed to throw off $300. He explained that his client in justice ought to get the balance of $328 for the work performed on the La Honda bridge.

McCormick moved that $200 be allowed the Company but this did not meet with a second and the claim was again laid over.

The Supervisors met in joint session with the committee of citizens having in charge the receiving and entertaining of the Supervisors from various counties. The committee's various reports were accepted. J. H. Coleman and R. H. Jury were appointed a committee to receive the Supervisors on their visit to San Mateo.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.

An equable and healthful climate.

The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

ROUND-TRIP HOMESEEKER'S' RATES.

To accommodate those who have never seen California, and who may wish to look over the ground before finally deciding to move West, the Southern Pacific, through its Passenger Traffic Manager, Mr. E. O. McCormick, has applied to the Transcontinental Passenger Association for permission to put in very low second-class round-trip rates to California similar to the homeseekers' rates which were made last year, and which brought thousands of settlers to this State. Tickets will be on sale at the low rates twice a month, first and third Tuesdays, during March, April and May. The Southern Pacific is deserving of much credit for this action, which cannot fail to be beneficial to California. tf

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of $10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

FOR SALE.

Lot 50x140, with cottage of four rooms, bath, basement, laundry, etc. For price and terms apply to Mrs. H. M. Hawkins.

FOR SALE.

Good improved business lot. Pays good interest on price asked. Inquire of E. E. Cunningham.

AN INCENSE PARTY.

Odd Etiquette of an Interesting Japanese Function.

If you ever receive an invitation to a Japanese incense party, accept it promptly and thankfully. It has no counterpart in our own social system and is as merry and pleasant an affair as can be imagined. The people of the mikado's land have trained the nostrils for generations the same as we have trained the eye and ear, and they display a skill which at times is startling to a westerner. There is an odd etiquette to be followed in these social affairs. For the twenty-four hours preceding the party each guest must avoid the use of anything which can produce any odor whatever. Scented soaps, perfumes, odorous foods and even spices must be avoided. These prevent the user from smelling accurately and also interfere with the other members of the party.

When you dress, be careful to put on no garment that has been kept in the neighborhood of camphor wood, tobacco, bouquets, dried blossoms or scented powder. When you reach the house of your host, enter it as softly as you can and as slowly as possible. This is to prevent making a draft by the movement of your own body. Be equally leisurely in opening and closing doors, as a quick movement induces a sudden rush of air. In the drawing room the hostess burns a series of incenses, usually four or five in number. Each guest is allowed to take three sniffs of each incense and must then jot down its name and number upon a card. Each of the four or five incenses is burned two or three times, so that the number of cards will vary from eight to fifteen. At the end the cards are laid out on the table, and the hostess reads the names of the incenses employed, which are checked off upon the cards. The guest who has guessed the largest number receives a pretty prize, which is sometimes a silver or bronze incense burner, statuette or carving. Among the Japanese the average woman guesses correctly about six times in ten, while with the American women the ratio is three in ten.—New York Post.

Out of Place.

Grocer—What have you been doing in the cellar so long?

Grocer's Apprentice—I have been cleaning out the sirup measure. It was so choked up that it didn't hold more'n half a quart.

Grocer—Oh, that's what you've been doing? Well, you take your hat and go home and tell your father to put you into the tract distributing business. You ain't fitted for the grocery trade.—London Answers.

A College Man and a Quotation.

Some one once said, "A Harvard man knows all literature but the Bible," a startlingly sweeping generality, but not without truth so far as the Bible is concerned. A case in point came to light the other day. Two Harvard men were reading together some famous modern orations, one of them a eulogy. The eulogy closed with the words: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

"What a beautiful close!" exclaimed one of the students enthusiastically. "The man who wrote such a sentence as that proves that the grand style in prose did not die with the eighteenth century."

It should be added in fairness that the other student was a churchman and said nothing.—New York Tribune.

"It's the Cut."

An aged country rector who had an old tailor as his clerk, returning from his church one Sunday with the latter, thus addressed him:

"Thomas, I cannot think how it is that our church should be getting thinner and thinner, for I am sure I preach as well as ever I did and ought to have far more experience than I had when I first came among you."

"Indeed," replied Thomas. "I'll tell you what; old parsons nowadays are just like old tailors, for I'm sure I sew as well as ever I did in my life, and the cloth is the same, but it's the cut, sir, ah! it's the new cut."—Pearson's.

A Thief, but No Liar.

Magistrate (to new policeman)—Did you notice no suspicious character about the neighborhood?

New Policeman—Shure, yer honor, I saw but one man, an' I asked him what he was doin' there at that time o' night. Sez he, "I have no business here just now, but I expect to open a jewelry sthore in the vicinity later on." At that I sez, "I wish you success, sor."

Magistrate (disgusted)—Yes, and he did open a jewelry store in the vicinity later on and stole seventeen watches.

New Policeman (after a pause)—Begorra, yer honor, the man may have been a thafe, but he was no liar.—London Answers.

Monteflore's Rebuke.

A man who was once talking with the late Sir Moses Montefiore at a reception found the conversation so entertaining that he completely forgot the race of his companion and made some uncomplimentary remark about the Jewish features of a lady who was passing by. The mistake was no sooner made than it was perceived.

The unhappy man began to apologize profusely. "I ask a thousand pardons. It was so stupid of me to forget. You look angry enough to eat me. I beg you not to devour me."

"Sir," replied Sir Moses, "it is impossible. My religion forbids."—Peter's "The Jew as Patriot."

Congress Waters.

United States senators are supplied with bottled mineral waters at government expense. Nearly every committee room has something like a bar attachment. It is usually in one corner, behind a screen and next to the washbowl. The bottles of fizz water are supplied by colored messengers, who bring them in buckets of ice, like champagne. The excuse for the expense is the poor quality of the Potomac water. After a rain it is dark brown in color and impregnated with soil.

Living in a Crater.

There is no more interesting or curious sight on this earth than the interior of the extinct crater, Aso San, about thirty miles from the city of Kumamoto, in Japan. This peculiar locality is inhabited by 20,000 people, who live and prosper within its vertical wall 800 feet high. The inhabitants rarely make a journey into the outer world, but form, as it were, a little nation by themselves.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Desirable cattle of all kinds are selling at steady prices and are in demand.

SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at easier prices.

HOGS—Hogs are in demand at lower prices.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand at steady prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are ℔ lb (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No. 1 Fat Native Steers, 9@9½c; 2d quality, 8@8½c; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 7@7½c; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 6½@7; thin Cows, 4@6c.

HOGS—Hard, grain-fed, 250 lbs and under 6½@6¾; over 250 to 300 lbs, 6@6¼c; rough heavy hogs, 4½@5.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs. and under, 4@4½c; Ewes, 3½@4c. Spring Lambs, 4¾@5¼.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs, alive gross weight, 5@5½c; over 250 lbs, 4½@4¾c.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF — First quality steers, 7½; second quality, 7@7¼c; first quality cows and heifers, 6½@7c; second quality, 6@6¼c; third quality, 5@5½c.

VEAL—Large, 8@8½; small, good, 9@9½; common, 6@7c.

MUTTON—Wethers, 8@8¼c; Ewes, 7½@8c; Spring Lambs, 9@10c.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 9½@10c.

PROVISIONS—Hams 13¾@14½c; picnic hams, 10c; Atlanta ham, 11½c; New York, shoulder, 10c.

BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 16c; light S. C. bacon, 15¾c; med. bacon, clear 13c; Lt. med. bacon clear, 13½c; clear light, bacon, 14½c; clear ex. light bacon, 15c.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl, $13.50; do, hf-bbl, $7.00; Family Beef, bbl, $13.00; hf-bbl, $6.75; Extra Mess, bbl, $13.00; do, hf-bbl, $6.75.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 11¾c; do, light, 12c; do, Bellies, 12@12½c; Extra Clear, bbls., $24.00; hf-bbls., $12.25, Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls., $4.00; do, kits; $1.00.

LARD—Prices are ℔ lb:

	Tcs.	½-bbls.	50s.	20s.	10s.	5s.
Compound	8½	8¾	8¾	8⅞	9¼	9⅜
Cal. pure	12½	12¾	12¾	12⅞	13¼	13⅜

In 3-lb tins the price on each is ⅛c higher than on 5-lb tins.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, $2.35; 1s $1.35; Roast Beef, 2s $2.35; 1s, $1.35.

Debenedetti & Montevaldo

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San Mateo County, Cal.

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For the Celebrated Beers of the

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The Real Thing.

A Genuine Wayside Inn.

Admirably situated in a beautiful grove on the old San Bruno Bay Road, the finest driveway out of San Francisco.

Where you will find the choicest refreshments, both solid and liquid, the San Francisco market affords.

Where comfort and good cheer are dispensed with a cordial hospitality.

Call, see it, and sample the good things, and you will come again.

W. R. MARKT, Proprietor.

J. L. WOOD,

Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.

Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

Orders Solicited.
South San Francisco, Cal.

ARMOUR HOTEL.

Table and Accommodations the Best in the City.

Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in Connection with the Hotel.

German Bakery and Confectionery

Fresh Bread, Cakes and Pies delivered at any hour of every day. Fancy Cakes and Ice Cream made to order. Genuine French Bread baked every day.

HENRY MICHENFELDER, Proprietor.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

BADEN SHOE STORE

First-Class Stock

BOOTS : and : SHOES,

Constantly on hand and for sale

Below City Prices.

All kinds of Foot Gear made to order and Repairing neatly done.

P. L. KAUFFMANN, Prop.

GRAND AVE., South San Francisco.

San Mateo County

Building and Loan Association.

Assets, - - - $175,000.00.

Loans made on the Ordinary or Definite Contract plans, paying out in from five to twelve years as may be desired, with privilege of partial or total repayment before maturity.

No ADVANCE PREMIUM or unnecessary expense.

GEO. W. LOVIE, Secretary,
Redwood City, Cal.

JUST A LITTLE BIT OF BABY.

Just a little bit of baby,
Twenty pounds and nothing more;
See him floor his giant daddy,
Weight two hundred, six feet four.

Just a little bit of baby;
And beauty? Not a trace;
See him stealing all the roses
From his lovely mother's face.

Just a little bit of baby;
Ignorant as he can be;
See him puzzle all the sages
Of his learned family.

Just a little bit of baby;
Walking? No, nor crawling, even;
See him lead a dozen grown-ups
To the very gate of heaven!
—Good Housekeeping.

Aunt Meg's Column

HARRY, I can sum up your case in three words," said Lancaster. "The fact is—and you cannot deny it—you're in love!"

Ellington started.

"How on earth did you find that out?" he muttered.

"Experience and casual observation," replied Lancaster, shortly. "By the way, I saw Milly Holsworth to-day." Then, with a grin, "Um, I thought I wasn't far out. She's a nice girl, Harry, and a clever one. Women nowadays who are good looking and can earn their own living are in great demand in the matrimonial market, so I'm told, and I can quite believe it."

"Yes," groaned Ellington, "but when a man has only a paltry twelve hundred and fifty a year the idea of—er—er—even proposing to a lady who can buy him up might give rise to unpleasant comments—h'm!"

"Personally, I should try my luck. 'Faint heart, etc., you know. You never know what may transpire. Say you decide to see how absence might affect the case and to wait till your return to England. She might be snapped up in the meantime. Perhaps the steamer might founder, and—and——"

"Don't, Lancaster, don't!" shuddered Ellington. "Your advice, old chap, I fear has not advanced the improvement of the outlook at all."

"Then the only course that remains

"HE RESOLVED TO TRY AUNT MEG."

open for you is to consult Aunt Meg," sighed Lancaster.

"Aunt Meg! Who is she? And what's she got to do with it?"

"Aunt Meg is a lady connected with a popular publication entitled The Daisy, whose official duty it is to receive and reply to, through the columns of the aforesaid journal, all questions that may be submitted to her notice on the all-important theme of love and its attendant trials, misunderstandings and vagaries in general."

"Consult Aunt Meg!" the words seemed to ring in Ellington's ears for some time after the departure of his friend Lancaster.

"A precious fool I'd be thought," he mused, "supposing I was idiot enough to trust my private affairs to the tender mercies of a modern lady journalist, if the story leaked out. Certainly one might write under a nom de plume or initials, but then I don't believe in such rot."

Half an hour's meditation, however, served to put matters before him in a different light. He reflected that the journal in question bore a very high character, and he resolved to try Aunt Meg.

After due destruction of various sheets of note paper, his communication was at last fairly neatly transcribed and ran as follows:

To "Aunt Meg," Daisy Offices, 420 Fleet street, E. C.:

Madam—I trust you may be able to successfully advise me as to my actions in the following matter: To be brief, I am aged thirty and am in reecipt of an annual income of twelve hundred and fifty dollars as private secretary to a titled gentleman, who is to depart on a voyage of indefinite duration in three weeks' time for his health's sake, and I am to accompany him. A month ago I made the acquaintance of a charming lady about my own age, and we have met at various intervals since.

As you will already have surmised, I am deeply in love with her, though I have not as yet declared my passion. As far as I am aware, from the statement of a friend, she is in receipt of an income exceeding mine by two hundred and fifty dollars per annum, derived from her employment, the exact nature of which, however, owing to the shortness of our acquaintance, I am unfortunately in ignorance of, beyond that it is something in a city office.

I have every reason to believe that my attentions, such as they have been, are not altogether distasteful. What would you advise me to do? Ask her now and risk a slender income, or wait till I am in more affluent circumstances, which chance is slightly remote at the present outlook? H. A. E.

Two Saturdays passed and left him in the deepest depths of despair, owing to the non-appearance of a reply to his communication.

In the meantime he met Mildred Holsworth on two occasions at the house of a mutual acquaintance and once was almost on the verge of a declaration, but checked himself in time to save making himself an arrant ass, as he termed it.

It was with feverish excitement that he opened the last issue of The Daisy published before he left England. Eagerly he scanned the page sacredly set apart for the benefit of "Aunt Meg" and her amorous amblings.

Yes, it was there at last!

H. A. E.—Waste no time, but go and ask her at once. If I judge rightly from the tone of your letter, you need scarcely have any apprehension as to the nature of her reply. As to monetary matters, a girl who cannot comfortably manage and be happy on the united income doesn't deserve a husband at all.

It was all over. The last slipper had sped its course in the air and disappeared through the window of the compartments which had the hoonr of accommodating the happy couple, and the last handful of rice lay whitening the platform like a miniature fall of snow.

"I'm so glad it's all over at last," sighed Mildred Ellington as she threw herself wearily back among the cushions. "But the whole affair was a complete success and went off without a flaw."

"Yes, darling, quite complete, except for the absence frm the ceremony of one to whom I owe a great deal of my present happiness—in fact one of your sister strugglers in the field of literature. Milly, I've a confession to make. I know you'll think I'm an awful fool, and perhaps be angry, but promise me, Milly, beforehand that you will forgive me."

"I'd promise you anything, Harry. It—it can't be anything dreadful, I m sure," falteringly.

"Then read that and put me out of my misery."

And taking from his inside breast pocket a copy of The Daisy containing Aunt Meg's advice, which he had so successfully acted upon, he opened it at the fatal page and handed it to her.

"Harry," she said quietly, pushing it away, her eyes filling with tears the while, "I—I know what you mean now. She—she was there, and—and you saw her."

"I saw her, Milly?" ejaculated Ellington, utterly taken aback by her answer.

"Yes, Harry, and you see her now! I—I was Aunt Meg at the time, and knowing whom your question concerned replied accordingly. I, too, meant to confess all to-day, and you have made it easier for me to do so. Kiss me, Harry, and say you forgive me."—Waverley.

LEISURELY THEFT.

Tennessee Blacksmith's Gradual Acquirement of an Engine.

"Ours is a peaceful section," said Col. Dan Turner, of Memphis, Tenn., to a group of Western men who had been discussing robberies, hold-ups and crime in general. "But when we do a thing down in Tennessee, we do it right, and robbing people or corporations is done to the queen's taste, when one of our citizens sets out to do it."

"Not long ago it became necessary for one of the railroads to build a small branch line, and a traction engine was sent down there with the first load of road-building material to haul ties on heavy trucks from a little mountain hamlet near where the road was being built. When the workmen had finished hauling the ties the engine was placed alongside the road until it should be convenient to haul it away. It remained beside the road about six months, and when the contractor came along to clear up he was rather amazed to find that nothing but the boiler of the traction engine remained where he had placed it. To make matters worse, every bolt and rivet that could be removed from the boiler was missing, too. A search was instituted, but the missing parts of the machine could not be found.

"Some time after the theft of his engine the contractor had occasion to drive through the country again, and stopped at a negro's blacksmith shop to have a shoe fastened on his horse. While the smithy was at work the contractor walked around the shop, and to his amazement found in one corner of the place the missing parts of his engine. He immediately charged the negro with stealing it, and the man admitted his guilt. When the contractor had recovered from his surprise at the find he asked the smithy why he had ont taken the boiler, too, and the latter replied that he was making tackle to take to the roadside and lift the boiler into his wagon when the contractor took the thing away.—Washington Post.

How She Raised the Fee.

A poor couple living in the Emerald Isle went to the priest for marriage and were met with a demand for the marriage fee. It was not forthcoming. Both the consenting parties were rich in love and in their prospects, but destitute of financial resources. The father was obdurate. "No money; no marriage."

"Give me lave, your riverence," said the blushing bride, "to go and get the money."

It was given, and she stepped forth on the delicate mission of raising a marriage fee out of pure nothing. After a short interval she returned with the sum of money and the ceremony was completed to the satisfaction of all. When the parting was taking place the newly made wife seemed a little uneasy.

"Anything on your mind, Catherine?" said the father.

"Well, your riverence, I would like to know if this marriage could not be spoiled now?"

"Certainly not, Catherine. No man can put you asunder."

"Could you not do it yerself, father? Could you not spoil the marriage?"

"No, no, Catherine. You are past me now. I have nothing more to do with your marriage."

"That aises me mind," said Catherine, "and God bless your riverence. There's the ticket for your hat. I picked it up in the lobby and pawned it."—London Tit-Bits.

Put to Base Uses.

Autograph letters of Wagner have been discovered in use as jam pot covers. A German journalist found them at the house of two maiden ladies, sisters of a musician long since deceased, who had formerly been in intimate correspondnce with the author of "Parsifal." The ladies were exhibiting to him with much pride their cupboards full of jam, when the journalist saw some writing on the covers, which he recognized as that of Wagner. The superior thickness of the paper, which almost resembles parchment, had supplied the reason for its application to domestic use.

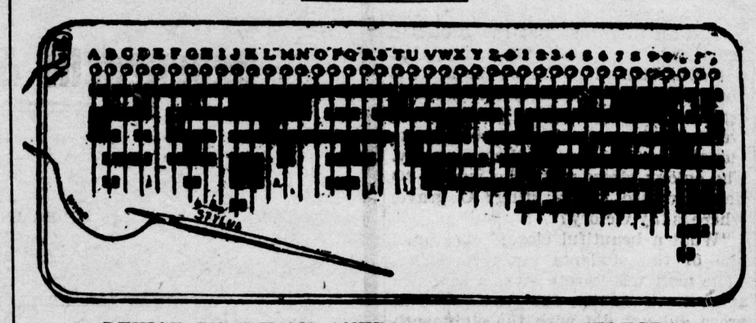
Millions Live on the Ocean.

The population of the ocean is estimated at 3,000,000. That is to say, the number of sailors and others whose business is on the high seas equals the inhabitants of the thirteen original colonies. Last year more than one-sixth of this ocean population, or to be more exact, 550,000, officers and men, of 4,343 vessels, entered the port of New York.

Give a man half a chance and he will tell of a grudge he has against some other man.

Idleness is such a slow traveler that poverty soon overtakes it.

HOW EVERYBODY MAY TELEGRAPH.



DEVICE BY WHICH ANYBODY MAY SEND A TELEGRAM.

Martin Armstrong, station agent on the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe road at Kenny, Texas, has invented an appliance by which any person may send a telegraphic message without knowing anything about telegraphy. The apparatus is intended primarily for use in educating people to be telegraphers, and with it they can without a teacher, master the secret of dots and dashes that go to make up each letter of the alphabet according to the Morse system.

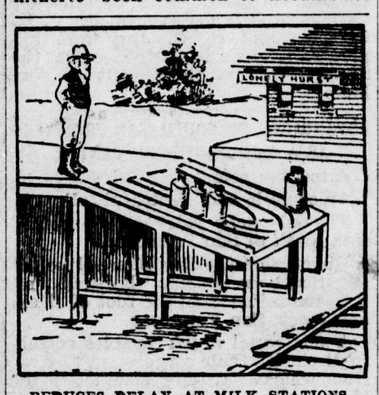
The outfit, which can be carried in the hand, consists of a sounder key, such as is used in all telegraphic work, a small dry battery, a transmitter, stylus, and the wires that connect the various parts. It is the transmitter that is the wonderful thing about the whole apparatus. This is simply a piece of wood about twelve inches long and eight wide. Extending along one side of the board are all the letters of the alphabet, followed by the numerals 1 to 0, and the punctuation characters. Under each one of these characters there is a little hole or depression in the wood. Below these holes again there is a geometrical pattern formed by strips of metal set into the wood, with a minute groove leading from each character through the metal strips, and the wood that at intervals breaks their continuity.

The stylus, which looks like an ordinary pencil, and all the other parts of the apparatus are connected with the battery by wires. The novice sets the apparatus on a table before him and takes the stylus in his hand. Inserting its point in the groove running from the letter he wishes to make he draws it toward him. As it moves the sounder clicks the letter. This is done by the stylus passing over the metal strips and forming an electrical connection, which is broken for longer or shorter intervals necessary to make a letter by the intervening spaces of wood between the metal strips. A few weeks of practice on this instrument and the novice knows the sound of every letter, and it is only then a matter of practice to receive and transmit in the usual manner. The sounder gives him his opportunity to practice this, and if he is ever in doubt as to his correctness he can verify his work by producing the letter with the stylus.

Telegraphers say it is the most ingenious as well as the simplest arrangement they ever saw by means of which to learn telegraphy. Railroad men who have looked at it value it from another standpoint. One general manager of a railway says it will prove of great value in railroad work. By having one on every train, in case of a wreck the conductor will be enabled, by throwing a wire over the telegraph wires along the road, to at once communicate with the train dispatcher of the division, telling where he is, and the nature of the casualty. The conductor need not know anything about telegraphy to transmit a message slowly, but with perfect accuracy.

MILK-CAN LOADING DEVICE.

A valuable improvement in the milk-shipping industry has just been erected at Lonelyhurst, acording to the artist, but the farmer is evidently not entirely pleased with the prospect, as it is intended to reduce the time necessary to load the cans into the car, which, of course, will lessen the time for eyeing the train and its passengers. It has hitherto been common to accumulate



REDUCES DELAY AT MILK STATIONS.

the cans of milk on the platform to await the arrival of the milk train, and then the cans are lifted and dragged into the car by four or five men, the train meanwhile blocinkg the main line and preventing its use by other train The milk trains are proverbially slow because of the delay incidental to this labor.

Frederick E. Tichenor, of Mukowonago, Wis., has conceived the idea of a slanting platform, which shall feed the cans automatically toward the car door as soon as the train arrives. The details of construction are not shown in the illustration, there being a locking gate across the lower edge of the platform, which serves to keep the cans back from the exit. When the train arrives this gate is tilted down into the doorway, being provided with a guide to feed the cans from the platform into the car without handling, the angle and height of the platform being such that a sufficient grade can be attained to slide the cans in their guides. Each guide has a lock at the lower end, and as soon as a row of cans is released they slide down the grade and into the car.

LONELY KOPJE WHERE CECIL RHODES' REMAINS WILL REST.

Here is a picture of the lonely spot in the Matoppo Hills of Rhodesia selected by Cecil Rhodes for his last resting place. The will sets aside $20,000 a year to beautify and preserve the grave and the surrounding hills ahd provides for a railway to run from Buluwayo to the neighborhood of

CECIL RHODES' GRAVE.

the grave, which, by the directions of the testator, will be cut in the solid rock and be marked with a brass tablet bearing the words: "Here lie the remains of Cecil John Rhodes."

Several years ago, when campaigning against the blacks, Mr. Rhodes one night wandered from his camp and made his way to the top of this kopje. It commanded a wide view and the peaceful silence of the place so impressed him that he declared to his companions when he returned to camp that there was where he wanted to sleep his last sleep.

Raising a Sea.

The Czar has just sanctioned a remarkable engineering project—the raising of the surface of the water of the Sea of Azof 14 feet 8 inches, by building a dam near Kertch nine miles long. In the wall immense sea gates are to be made for the passage of ships. There will also be outlets for the superfluous water. The cost will be about $25,000,000, the interest on which will be paid by ships trading to the ports affected.

Patti's Last "Farewell" Appearance.

Adelina Patti sang in concert at the Royal Albert Hall in London, England, on Nov. 28 last. She was received with great enthusiasm. Her first song was the "Jewel Song" from "Faust." During the evening she sang "Batti batti" from "Don Giovanni," Tosti's "Serenata," Arditi's "Il Bacio," "Home, Sweet Home," and "Comin' Through the Rye."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Paper Stockings.

Paper stockings are shortly to come on the market. The paper, it is said, is twisted into a sort of twine, roughened on the surface to present a soft and woolly appearance, and then knitted into hose. With paper stockings at five cents a pair, as we are promised, the time wasted weekly in darning would, at any rate, be saved.

The school teacher loads the gun and the young idea shoots.

THE FARM
THE FIELD
THE GARDEN

Items That Should Prove of Interest to Patrons of Husbandry.

CULLED FROM MANY EXCHANGES.

Experiences of Many Successful Tillers of the Soil Epitomized for the Benefit of Our Readers.

PLANTING TREES.

In taking up trees from a nursery or forest preserve all the roots and fine rootlets possible. Avoid breaking them in shaking off the surplus dirt and dig rather than pull them up. Guard the roots carefully from any exposure to sun or wind, keep them moist in moving, and if by any means they become dry dip them in water, or better still, in mud about the consistency of cream. Give the roots a deep, broad bed of soil to start to grow in, spread the roots out naturally; if any of them are bruised or broken cut them off carefully, making a clean, smooth cut. Have the place dug for the reception of the tree so that it will stand just a little deeper than it grew in the forest. See that the soil is well fined and thoroughly sifted among the roots, and after the roots are well covered, press the soil down well upon them so that the roots and soil will come in close contact and then fill up well around the tree with soil a little above the level as the rains will settle the soil some. If the tree is rather slim in many cases, especially if the trees are set in an exposed situation, it will be best to set a good stout stake by the side of each tree and tie to it with strong but soft twine to prevent injury from the wind.

THE WOOLY APHIS.

The wooly aphis of the apple tree is of two so-called forms. One infests the limbs and twigs, the other the roots. The aerial form was designated by entomologists as "wooly louse of the apple," and the subterranean as the "apple root plant louse," indicating two distinct species; but at present all agree that the two so-called forms are the same species, differing in habits only. The laboratory experiments with this insect conducted by Prof. Stedman show that the root-inhabiting form will under certain conditions establish colonies upon the limbs and there thrive naturally, and vica versa. Remedies: (a) For the aerial form of the wooly aphis spray with kerosene emulsion, (b) for the subterranean form use tobacco dust as follows: In the spring, as soon as the weather is settled, remove the earth from around the trunk for a distance of two feet and about four inches in depth, evenly filling in from four to six pounds of tobacco dust and covering it with the removed earth. The tobacco dust not only kills the aphis present, but keeps others away, and by applying one-half the amount each succeeding spring the tree will be kept free from the pest.—Missouri Experiment Station.

PACKING EGGS FOR SHIPPING.

There are various ways of packing eggs and each breeder considers his the best of course. Some use light wooden boxes just large enough to hold one and two settings; fillers are used in these the same as the fillers used in large egg cases. The eggs are filled in with bran, chaff, ground cork or any other light material that will pack close. Others use a box made of heavy corrugated pasteboard and the eggs packed the same as above, while others use baskets especially made for the purpose, or the common split basket. Now which of these is the best method, we cannot say, and leave that to the preference of the shipper. There are two points of importance; security and warmth. The eggs should be packed in tight and solid so that they will not shake. Then to keep them from becoming chilled when the weather is cold wrap each egg with paper, and if packed in baskets, use excelsior for packing, and after the eggs are wrapped in paper wrap them with excelsior and they will go safe in very cold weather —Farmers Home Journal.

A CONTINUOUS BATTLE.

No one likes to have lice or mites in their poultry houses. Few are without them, and since they are such a natural parasite of fowls they are difficult to eradicate. English sparrows have the credit of keeping up the supply of mites. We are not able to deny or substantiate this assertion. We have torn down the nests of the sparrow and have found them alive with mites, and that, too, in places where poultry never roosts. In view of some conditions that exist, we have only to say the way to get rid of these pests is to make one continuous battle on them during their season of activity.

There are so many ways by which this may be accomplished that we shall not enter into that part of the business. We have tried most of the advertised lice killers and find most of them good. What we most stand in need of is some advertised gift of continuance. One application of the best remedy on earth will not cause the annihilation of the pest. If one application is good and effective it will not pay to stop with a feeling that there will be no more trouble on this score. There is constant danger of lice and mites increasing to that number when they are liable to become dangerous to the welfare of the poultry. They increase with wonderful rapidity and without particular aid. We have thought sometimes that they increased faster under persecution than when they have full sway.

No, the getting rid of lice and mites means a continual warfare against them. Many remedies will kill them, but to keep the application going for successive crops will be found to be the thing. Parties who practice this are troubled with few lice.

BURBARK'S FRUIT ADVICE.

Every fruit-grower will heed the advice of Luther Burbank, the successful producer of this State. He says:

"The fruit-grower of today must have the ability to adapt himself to new methods, new fruits and new markets. It generally costs much less per ton to produce large, first-class fruit than the poorest, meanest specimens that are ever offered. Small fruit exhausts the tree more rapidly than large fruit. It is easy to see, therefore, that the improved varieties, which produce uniformly large, fine fruit, are the most economical, and the product is the more salable.

"The tree that needs a good deal of pruning to keep it in proper form and vigorous health should be replaced by one with a better habit of growth since every ton of wood unnecessarily grown in an orchard represents at least as much weight of fruit.

"Many varieties have two or three superior qualities, but are lacking woefully in others. No one variety can be the best for all purposes, but it is perfectly possible to produce varieties which for their own special use can be relied upon to produce full crops of the best fruit without fail. The fruit-grower of today is simply the manufacturer, and should have the best and latest improvement."

FEED FOR FOWLS.

But few people prepare especial feed for fowls. They feed whatever they happen to have. We urge them to feed raw cabbage, chopped hay steamed, alfalfa preferred, but we know full well that not one half of our readers will do this. They simply feed whatever they happen to have and this is generally grain. Not one farmer in ten will prepare ground feed for his fowls. Specialists raise fowls and eggs for a living, while the farmer raises field crops or live stock, and his poultry product is more by chance than otherwise.

SWINE NOTES.

Hogs are nearer self-sustaining and will do more foraging than any animal, and there is less labor in preparing food for them.

There is no profit in starving pigs through the summer and thinking you can make it up when the corn crop is ripe in the fall.

If farmers would only stop and think what an expensive luxury the scrub hog is, they would dispose of him in short order.

Be careful about overfeeding the sow at farrowing time. There are more pigs lost every spring by overfeeding than there are by under-feeding.

Breeders should exercise more care and look after the brood sows carefully, both the feeding, handling and the outdoor exercise, and they will find that they will be well rewarded for their troubles and pains.

There is no domestic animal on the farm which requires closer and better attention than the hog, and there is no animal which will pay you for that attention so well, but if you do not like the business and are not disposed to give it your close personal care you had better sell every hog you have and turn your attention to other industries.

The sugar beet is one of the best feeds for hogs of all the root family. Hogs are very fond of them and where they are left to do the harvesting they burrow down into the ground after the last piece of root.

Hogs fed on milk alone or grain alone when on pasture do much better than hogs similarly fed in small pens. Those fed on milk in the pasture gain more per day and require less dry matter than hogs fed in the pens. On the other hand hogs fed milk and grain in combination do better in pens, gaining more per day than those on pasture and require practically the same amount of food to make a pound of flesh.

That Tired Feeling

Is a Common Spring Trouble.

It's a sign that the blood is deficient in vitality, just as pimples and other eruptions are signs that the blood is impure.

It's a warning, too, which only the hazardous fail to heed.

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Remove it, give new life, new courage, strength and animation.

They cleanse the blood and clear the complexion.

Accept no substitute.

"I felt tired all the time and could not sleep. After taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a while I could sleep well and the tired feeling had gone. This great medicine has also cured me of scrofula." MRS. C. M. ROOT, Gilead, Conn.

Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.

A sight that always saddens our heart is to see an ancient maiden girl try to appear young and skittish.

ADAMS SARSAPARILLA PILLS.

A grand medicine to purify the Blood. They cure Constipation, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Sick Headaches. 10c, 25c.

Any man ought to be ashamed to drive a bunch of bones along the road and call it a horse.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Don't elevate some men by having trouble with them.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Two things teach your children—the vaue of moments and cents.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for **FREE $2** trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Heresy is just another word for science. A few years ago they wanted to burn every man as a heretic who invented a tool or a new thought.

The famous Gilt Edge Whiskey is for sale by all first-class dealers in your community and is especially recommended to those that have not tried it. Call for it the next time you want a good whiskey. Wichman, Lutgen & Co., San Francisco, Cal. Sole proprietors.

Nature abhors a vacuum, even in the cranium of a gossip.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Not skin deep—blood deep! Pure, healthy blood means pure, healthy complexion. Cascarets make the blood pure and healthy. Druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Time is a great detective—it reveals the humbug.

Mem. for Good Health.

Today drink some "Castlewood" Bourbon, or Rye Whiskey. Highest grade Kentucky goods. Cartan, McCarthy & Co., sole distributors, San Francisco.

The man who will carry a jag is sure to make an uneven path through life.

Ladies Wash Skirts

Of fine blue and white or black and white polka dot duck. Has deep double flounce trimmed with three rows of white pique. Lengths 39 to 44; waists 23 to 30; price $1.25.

HALE BROS., Inc., San Francisco

When Writing to Advertisers Please Mention This Paper

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're sick, or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take

CANDY CATHARTIC **Cascarets** TRADE MARK REGISTERED

REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c. 50c. Write for free sample, and booklet on health. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 928

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAR

PRUNING THE PEACH TREE.

Prof. S. T. Mayard, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, says: "Trees require special pruning to keep in a compact stocky form, as peach trees tend to grow largely at the ends of branches and to produce few laterals on main branches. While trees are young, at least one-half of the last season's growth should be cut off during the latter part of the winter, varying the amount cut from different parts of the trees so as to produce a regularly formed head. As the tree grows older, this pruning reduces the number of fruit buds, and thus lessens the cost of thinning and improves their growth. It also often becomes necessary to cut back some of the main branches well into the center of the tree to force a lateral growth of new wood, without which the long branches would soon break down when heavily loaded with fruit or with foliage wet with rain in a high wind."

A fruit tree tends to grow from a terminal body, and continues rather to prolong the axis than increase the size. The sap flows to the extreme and tends to grow mostly to the terminal buds. Heading in thickens the top, because it cuts off the terminal buds and diverts the growth to the sides.

BEFORE HE TOOK VOGELER'S

He Could Not Touch His Wife's Dinners, and They Were "Fit for a King."

So writes our esteemed friend, Mr. Frank Chambers, of 9 Bennett St., Chiswick: "For over two years I suffered agonies from indigestion, and became reduced to a mere shadow of my stalwart self. I would return home from my business feeling so faint that I could hardly drag one leg after the other; my dear wife did all she possibly could to tempt me with dainty dishes, and as I entered the house I sniffed and thought: 'Oh, how good; I know I can eat that.' But alas! no sooner had I eaten a few mouthfuls, when I felt sick; severe pains shot through my chest and shoulder blades, my eyes swam and everything seemed black. I became alternately hot and cold, and got up from such a dainty dinner heartily sick of living, and feeling I was a sore trial to everybody. I may mention that I was also very much troubled with a scaly skin, and often boils. But one evening I noticed my wife seemed more cheerful than usual. I questioned her and found she had been reading a pamphlet she had received, of men afflicted just as I was, and who had been cured by Vogeler's Compound. Said she, 'What gives me more faith in it is that it is made from the formula of an eminent physician now in active practice in the West End of London, so I am sure it is no quack thing.' 'All right, dear, let's have a bottle,' said I. After taking the contents of the first bottle I felt very much better, and determined to give this remedy a fair trial, and I can positively assure you that a few bottles have made a new man of me. I can sleep well, eat anything and thoroughly enjoy life. I have told several of my friends, whom I knew were suffering the same as myself, and they all wish me to say that they are like new men. I sincerely bless the great physician who gave you the formula of Vogeler's Curative Compound, and also yourselves for making its virtues known to a suffering public." The proprietors (the St. Jacobs Oil, Ltd., Baltimore,) will send a sample free to any one writing to them.

We never see ourselves as wisdom sees us. Some men are regular beasts in thought and habit, and yet believe themselves to be real fine men. Wonder why this is?

ADAMS SARSAPARILLA PILLS.

Small, delicious, chocolate coated pellets for Constipation, Biliousness, Sick-headaches, Dyspepsia, Etc. 10c, 25c box. At all drug stores.

Everybody loves a cheerful home and no one loves a gloomy home. Home should be a place where we meet to forget the cares and strife of life.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

The innocent person who meets her death at the hands of a monster goes to heaven. The monster joins the church, gets converted and forgiven, and, of course, goes to heaven also. We have wondered how the innocent victim will view the power of mercy when she sees her destroyer entering the pearly gates.

Cancerous Sores are most frequently to be seen upon the face, neck or breast, though they are liable to appear upon other parts of the body. When they begin to spread and eat into the flesh, sharp, piercing pains are felt as the underlying tissue is destroyed and the tender nerves exposed. Cancerous sores develop from very trifling causes; a carbuncle or boil, swollen gland, a little watery blister on the tongue or lip, a wart, mole or bruise of some kind becomes an indolent, festering sore, which in time degenerates into cancer.

"Ten years ago I had a sore on my left temple, which the doctors pronounced a cancerous ulcer; it would itch, burn and bleed, then scab over, but would never heal. After taking S. S. S. awhile the sore began to discharge, and when all the poisonous matter had passed out it got well. I took in all about thirty bottles, continuing it for some time after the sore had healed, to be sure all the poison was out of my system. Have seen no sign of the cancer in ten years. JOSEPHUS REID, Gant, Audrian Co., Mo.

SSS is strictly a vegetable remedy, and, while possessing purifying and healing properties that no other medicine does, contains nothing that could derange the system. While cleansing the blood it also builds up the general health.

If you have a suspicious sore, or other blood trouble, send for our free book on Blood and Skin Diseases, and write to us for any information or advice wanted; we make no charge for this service.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

HORNED MEN AND WOMEN.

They Actually Exist in Modern Life as Well as in Ancient Fables.

Men and women endowed with horns are not by any means unknown in the world we live in to-day.

A short time ago Surgeon Lamprey of the army medical staff met with and studied three horned men in Africa, each having a horn on either side of his nose.

"While serving on the Gold Coast," said he, "I had opportunities of making drawings of these people. The first horned man I had an opportunity of observing was a Fantee named Cofea, aged about 32 years, from the little village of Amaquanta, in Wasau territory.

"The second horned man was a long-faced youth, aged about 18, named Quassie Jabin, from the Gamin territory, and not a kinsman of the first one.

"From a statement made by him through a Fantee interpreter, I gathered that this hornlike growth had been in existence as long as he could remember.

"The third case was that of Cudjo Danso, aged about 20. He stated, through an interpreter, that so far as he was aware this hornlike knob had grown of itself. It certainly had grown larger as he had grown older. It gave him no inconvenience. He could see and smell perfectly."

Hundreds of cases more remarkable have recently been collected in an interesting report by Drs. George Gould and Walter Pyle, both well-known pathologists.

"Human horns," say they, "are far more frequent than ordinarily supposed. Nearly all the older writers cite examples. Many mention horns on the head.

"In the ancient times horns were symbolical of wisdom and power. Michael Angelo, in his famous sculpture of Moses, has given the patriarch a pair of horns."

There is a greater frequency of horns among women than among men, according to these authorities.

The combination of horns and tail on a human being would naturally give rise to extravagant superstition.

There is a description of such a case in a recent medical report. The creature, said to have been dubbed the "Hoodoo of Plato," was born eight years ago in Minnesota.

He was a boy 5 weeks old when described. He had hair two inches long all over the body; his features were fiendish and his eyes shone like beads beneath his shaggy brows. He had a tail eighteen inches long, horns from the skull, a full set of teeth and claw-like hands. He snapped like a dog, crawled on all fours and refused the natural sustenance of a normal child. The country people considered this devil-child a punishment for a rebuff that the mother gave to a Jewish peddler selling crucifixion pictures.

Fabricius, the famous Italian anatomist of the fourteenth century, records that he saw a man with horns on his head and who chewed the cud.

Human rumination, or cud chewing, has been recognized as a fact by medical men for years, according to Drs. Gould and Pyle.

A Swede of 35, living in Germany and apparently healthy, was observed, they say, by a Dr. Winthler to retire after meals to some remote place where he might enjoy his bovine habit.

Dr. Chatard some years ago, says the London Express, reported that he had seen in Baltimore an old woman with a horn on her nose. It was "more than an inch long and nearly shaped like that of the rhinoceros."

Dr. Saxton reports that he has cut several horns from the ears of patients. There are further reports of such protuberances found on the eyelid, the nape of the neck, the lower lip and the chin.

On the Firing Line.

Bardlet—Do you know, my friend, that I have become a firm believer in the mysterious transference of impulse? You recall that spring idyl of mine, which you said was an inspiration? Well, as I told you before, when I wrote that I was fired by an irresistible impulse.

Friend—Yes, I remember.

Bardlet—Well, sir; I submitted that inspiration to the editor of the Bombardier, and would you believe it, sir, I was fired again, but this time the editor had the impulse.—Richmond Dispatch.

Cultivated Criticism.

There are times when a little learning is by no means a dangerous thing. Two ladies were looking at a picture entitled, "His Only Pair." The artist has depicted a poor boy sitting up in bed while his hard-working mother mends his only pair of trousers. The boy, although obliged to stay in bed while the repairs are under way, is contentedly eating an orange.

One of the visitors looked at the picture with searching gaze, and then remarked to her companion: "His Only Pair! I don't call that a pear at all! It's an orange that he is eating."

Modified Eggs.

The "drummer," whose route took him to the lumber districts of Maine, went down to the breakfast table at the hotel one morning to find that the chief dish was to be scrambled eggs.

The rosy cheeked waitress was gone a long time after his order and finally appeared with cheeks rosier than ever.

"Plaze, sir," she said, hesitatingly, "the eggs are not quite fresh enough to scramble, but will you have 'em boiled?"—New York Mail and Express.

Low Fare on Siberian Road.

The Siberian Railway makes the low fare of $12 for a distance of 4,500 miles to settlers.

MRS. FRANK CARTER, 3 Merrill Street, Amesbury, Mass.

This letter should carry Faith and Conviction to the hearts of all Sick Women.

"I suffered with inflammation and falling of the womb and other disagreeable female weaknesses. I had bad spells every two weeks that would last from eight to ten days and would have to go to bed. I also had headache and backache most of the time and such bearing down pains I could hardly walk across the room at times. I doctored nearly all the time for about two years and seemed to grow worse all the time until last September I was obliged to take my bed, and the doctors thought an operation was the only thing that would help me, but this I refused to have done.

"Then a friend advised me to try the Pinkham medicine, which I did, and after using the first bottle I began to improve. I took in all five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Purifier, four boxes of Lydia E. Pinkham's Dry Form Compound, three boxes of Liver Pills and used three packages of Sanative Wash, and I am as well now as I ever was. I am more than thankful every day for my cure."—MRS. FRANK CARTER, 3 Merrill St., Amesbury, Mass.

$5000 will be paid if this testimonial is not genuine. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co.

CATTLE AND DAIRY.

Some cows eat twice as much feed as others and give twice as much butter fat. As feed is more worthless than butter fat do not be afraid of giving a good dairy cow all she needs.

Cold water pumped into a milk can and vigorously shaken does not constitute a washing of that can. Neither does a dose of pure spring water used in the same manner. It takes hot water to kill the bacteria of the milk can.

A really kind-hearted man may without thought actually abuse a cow by neglect. I have seen this last autumn, a dairy of fast freshening winter milkers stand for hours, yes days, in the aggregate, in the chilly, drenching, rain rounding their backs as the deluge of water broke across their spines, and go into camp at night in the muddy fence corners of a long, unprotected lane, and these cattle were contributing as best they could to their owner's living. Few men think of the milking habit of these cows as a maternal function, artificially prolonged. The intended food for offspring turned by the hand of man into the channel of commerce, and so denied them after offices of a mother. No other benevolence of nature would thus have contributed to him, save this unfatherable beneficence of motherhood whose office is forever to give, even if draining the fountains of life-support itself. Success must come nearest to those who recognize to the fullest extent this underlying principle of attaining success in dairying. Whatever will best administer to the comforts of the mother cow — quiet, care, warmth, comfort, succulent and stimulating food, pure air, clean water, and regularity of attention, will succeed, for on this hangs the law and the profits, so far as concerns the cow.

Nothing quite so good to allay pain from many causes as is Hamlin's Wizard Oil. 50c and $1.00 per bottle.

Death is only a change in the form of life.

Ask Your Dealer For Allen's Foot-Ease, A powder. It cures Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous Aching, Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. Makes new or tight shoes easy. At all Druggists and Shoe stores, 25 cents. *Accept No Substitute.* Sample Free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Early, blind love has led many a person into dark paths of sorrow and repentance.

Weak?

"I suffered terribly and was extremely weak for 12 years. The doctors said my blood was all turning to water. At last I tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was soon feeling all right again."
Mrs. J. W. Fiala, Hadlyme, Ct.

No matter how long you have been ill, nor how poorly you may be today, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine you can take for purifying and enriching the blood.

Don't doubt it, put your whole trust in it, throw away everything else.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

Ask your doctor what he thinks of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He knows all about this grand old family medicine. Follow his advice and we will be satisfied.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

CHELSEA'S NOTED BUNS.

All London Used to Visit Mrs. Hands on Good Friday.

However religious observances may change in England, the eating of hot cross buns on Good Friday is not likely to die out. Still, enthusiasm in this particular has considerably declined since the days when Mrs. Hands kept the Chelsea Bun House at the corner of Jews' row, now Pimlico road. So many people were in the habit of flocking there on Good Friday in order to eat hot cross buns that on one occasion 50,000 persons assembled there, and £250 was taken in the day for buns alone. After this the inhabitants of Chelsea protested against the noise and disturbance this caused, and Mrs. Hands, fearing to be restrained by the law, issued in 1793 a quaint proclamation, stating how, "desirous, therefore, of testifying her regard and obedience to those laws by which she is happily protected, she is determined, though much to her loss, not to sell cross buns on that day to any person whatever, but Chelsea buns as usual."

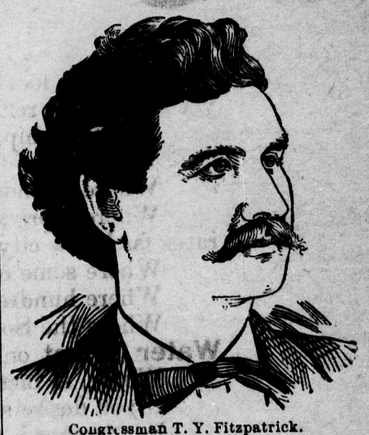
This Mrs. Hands was something of a character in her own way. The royal family and many of the aristocracy used to visit her in the morning, and Queen Charlotte even presented her with a silver half gallon mug containing 5 guineas. The house remained in the possession of her family for some time, as Sir Richard Phillips, writing a few years before its destruction, mentions. After admitting that for upward of thirty years he had never passed the house without filling his pockets, he goes on to say, "These buns have afforded a competency and even wealth to four generations of the same family, and it is singular that their delicate flavor, lightness and richness have never been successfully imitated." When Ranelagh was closed, the Bun House declined in popularity, though as late as 1839 24,000 buns were sold on Good Friday alone.—London Chronicle.

A genteel carver always sits when he carves, says a work on etiquette. Perhaps he does, but it is pretty certain that there are times when he yearnfully yearns to put one foot on the table and the other on the bird while struggling with the fowl.—London Answers.

The times that it turned out that a man was right he remembers a great deal longer than those when he was wrong.—Atchison Globe.

CONGRESSMAN FITZPATRICK

Says Pe-ru-na Is a Splendid Catarrhal Tonic.



Congressman T. Y. Fitzpatrick.

Hon. T. Y. Fitzpatrick, Congressman from Kentucky, writes from the National Hotel, Washington, D. C., as follows:

"At the solicitation of a friend I used your Peruna and can cheerfully recommend your remedy to anyone suffering with catarrh or who needs a good tonic."—T. Y. FITZPATRICK.

A Good Tonic.

Pe-ru-na is a natural and efficient nerve tonic. It strengthens and restores the activity of every nerve in the body.

Through the use of Pe-ru-na the weakened or overworked nerves resume their natural strength and the blood vessels begin at once to regulate the flow of blood according to nature's laws. Congestions immediately disappear.

Catarrh Cured.

All phases of catarrh, acute or chronic, are promptly and permanently cured. It is through its operation upon the nervous system that Pe-ru-na has attained such a world-wide reputation as a sure and reliable remedy for all phases of catarrh wherever located.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice free.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

If you do deeds they will speak for you.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Shoes by mail, 25 cents extra. Illustrated Catalogue Free.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

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Gold, 50c; Lead, 50c; Gold & Silver, 75c; Gold, Silv'r, cop'r, $1.50. Prompt returns on mail samples. TUTTH ASSAY CO., 1426-17TH ST, DENVER, COL.

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Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE.**

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of $2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

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